

# COUNTRY LIFE

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RITA MARTIN.

VISCOUNTESS INGESTRE

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THE Journal for all interested in  
Country Life and Country Pursuits

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## VEGETABLES.

LAST year the National Vegetable Society came into being, and already it has held an important and interesting exhibition. The event bears testimony to the vigour of the new society, and of the fact that public opinion is ripe for its establishment. Within the last twenty years a very great change has come over public opinion in regard to the consumption of fruit and vegetables. But, of course, it is not exactly new; although our forefathers were great meat-eaters, there is evidence enough that their consumption of vegetables was limited only by the supply. Meat and fish formed the main articles of food with our early ancestors, and they looked upon white bread as a very great luxury. At the same time, the kitchen garden received more and more attention as time went by. In the latter half of the eighteenth century, when the Continental war created famine prices for bread, the resources of the field and garden were taxed to their utmost. At one time nearly the whole of Ireland was forcibly turned to vegetarianism owing to the dearth of provisions. In the forties of last century the staple food of the Irish in the poorer districts consisted of potatoes and milk. When they came over to this country harvesting they added to these oatmeal porridge and cheese. But that and the corresponding movement in England were due to the force of circumstances. It is, therefore, different with that new movement of to-day which is largely represented by the National Vegetable Society. The causes which have given birth to it can be easily stated in a broad way. The drifting into towns means, among other things, that a larger proportion of the people are compelled to live sedentary lives, and medical science informs us in no uncertain tone that those who are prohibited from taking a due amount of physical

exercise will only eat great quantities of meat at considerable peril to themselves. If a man is out of doors the greater part of his time, particularly if he be engaged either in an amusement or labour of a violent description, such as hunting, rowing or running in the one case, and digging with a spade, cutting with an axe, or using a fork in the other, he can consume a large amount of beef or mutton without any apparent ill-effects; but the moment he exchanges his life in the open air for sitting at a desk or behind a counter, butcher's meat, on which he was nourished before, becomes injurious to his health.

The doctors tell him, and he finds by experience, that even if he does not adopt a vegetarian diet altogether, his mixed regimen should consist very largely of vegetables. Those, again, who are more engaged in mental than in bodily labour, whether it takes the shape of accountancy in a shop or office, or of working out great problems in politics or sociology, or following some fine art, such as that of poetry, music, sculpture or painting, which does not make a demand upon the physical man, find digestion easier, and therefore life more pleasant, when their food consists to a large extent of fruit and vegetables. It is, however, the axiom of economy that the demand creates the supply, and this brings us to the most interesting feature of later-day developments; and this, it need hardly be said, is the vast improvement that has been brought about in table vegetables. Formerly, they seem to have been for the greater part coarse and fibrous in character. It used to be the ambition of the average gardener to produce the largest possible plant, whatever he might be growing; hence, indeed, may be traced the introduction of the word "giant" so freely into the vocabulary of horticulture. At one time the only vegetable that was in favour was the giant, whether it was a giant potato, a giant onion, a giant leek or a giant cabbage. But fastidiousness has increased with greater affluence and greater knowledge, and the public of to-day are more solicitous about delicacy and flavour in their vegetables than about having them of enormous size. The busy professional gardeners were not long in grasping that this was the need of the time, and, fortunately, scientific discovery coincided with this change in sentiment. It is not possible to over-estimate the magnificence of the work done by the hybridist during the last two or three decades. In the flower garden the evidence of his work is, of course, most conspicuous. No one who takes the slightest interest in flowers can have failed to observe that the species now sent out by nurserymen and seedsmen show far more variety in colour, more elegance in shape, more exquisiteness in every way than could be observed in the same flowers a generation ago. The clever, scientific grower of to-day has laid his hand to everything, and has touched nothing that he has not improved. The results of his work in the vegetable garden are not so striking to the eye, but those who are able to speak from any experience know the extraordinary improvement that has been made, chiefly in delicacy, flavour and growing property. Breeds of plants have been made to suit nearly all circumstances, and the gardener of to-day has a command over his subject plants that the gardener of the past did not dream of. He can hasten those that he desires to have on the table before the general crop is ready, and retard others whose appearance he wishes to delay. Thus the supply of vegetables is maintained.

Old men in the City of London can remember a time when there was only one greengrocer's shop that kept open during the whole of the year, and now one has but to look around to see the immense expansion that has taken place. It was, therefore, full time that a vegetable society should be called into being. It has great interests to watch over, as, for example, the public taste, which is being continuously modified and improved; the scientific study of plant-life for the purpose of evolving new varieties; the testing of seeds and plants that are brought to the market, for the purpose of giving the public trustworthy guidance as to what is and what is not of use to them; and a thousand other interests that cannot be called minor. Its beginning has been auspicious, and we wish for it a long and useful career.

## Our Portrait Illustration.

THE frontispiece is a portrait of the Viscountess Ingestre, sister of the present Marquess of Anglesey. Her marriage took place in 1904.

\* \* It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.









## COUNTRY



## NOTES.

IN our pages to-day one of the most capable of our agricultural contributors describes an interesting and important experiment that is being conducted on a farm near Six-Mile-Bottom in Cambridgeshire. Its object is to determine what breed of sheep is the most suitable to the wants of the British household. In this matter the Colonial producer showed himself in advance of those who remained at home, for, long before our own farmers recognised the fact, he saw that the want in Great Britain was for small joints. Fifty years ago the fattest and biggest sheep was ever considered the best, but in those days the appetite for cold meat seems to have been much greater than it is to-day, when the householder wants a small joint that can be practically consumed at a single meal. Fat, again, was rather liked by our grandfathers and grandmothers, but will not be eaten by the new generation. These are changes with which every purveyor of butcher's meat is familiar, and the object of the very important experiment described on another page is to determine how the English farmer can best secure that breed which will answer his purpose.

Obviously this story is one that demands a sequel, and we shall wait with considerable interest for the results obtained in Cambridgeshire. In regard to lamb, new requirements also have sprung into existence. One of the most important of these is early maturity, because the consumer will have nothing that is not tender. In this he may not be in perfect agreement with the epicure, who knows that to obtain the real flavour of mutton, age is absolutely necessary. There is a flavour about a three year old or four year old sheep which cannot be obtained from a young lamb. But production is not carried out primarily for the epicure, and therefore the test of a good lamb for market purposes is the earliness with which it matures and the rapidity with which it lays on flesh. These facts will be duly noted and comparisons made between one breed and another as the experiment proceeds, while incidentally the methods of treatment and feeding will also have to be described. We cannot be far wrong in believing that both our agricultural readers and those who do not take a special interest in breeding will find themselves much interested in the progress of this experiment with sheep.

An important scheme for agricultural colonisation is about to be carried out by the Glamorganshire County Council. The suggestion comes from the chairman, and it is that a thousand acres should be acquired under the Small Holdings and Allotments Act and be let to tenants from the county. Through the Development Act they will receive help in this way. Sir Thomas Elliott, Secretary of the Board of Agriculture, has informed the Council Association that the Board would favourably consider applications from small holdings committees for means to pay a practical man to teach small holders the cultivation suitable for them. The idea is this, that the area acquired should be treated as a huge council school, where experiments will be carried out and the holders would have the benefit of a practical instructor. It is said that existing tenants will not be displaced, but that they will have the first option of taking these new holdings.

According to the third annual report of the American Bison Society, recently published at Boston, Mass., the total number

of pure-bred bison living in North America on May 1st, 1910, is estimated at 2,108. Of these about 475 are wild, while the remaining 1,633 are living in enclosed preserves. Out of the 475 wild bison, Canada claims no fewer than 450 head, the remaining 25 being kept on the unenclosed portion of the Yellowstone. The number of these wild bison is, of course, only an approximation to the reality; but in the case of the enclosed herds the figures are based on actual counting. Of these captive bison the United States possesses 1,007 and Canada 626. In 1908 the total number of head was estimated at 1,917, of which 325 were wild (300 in Canada and the rest in the Yellowstone). No complete census was made in previous years, but in 1903 the total number of pure-bred animals in confinement was 1,010. The increase in the case of the latter has therefore been very large indeed during the past seven years; but the excess in number of wild Canadian buffalo in 1910 as compared with 1908 is so great that it must be attributed to a revised numerical estimate.

The herds of captive bison owned by the United States are three in number, of which the Yellowstone herd comprises 95, the Wichita 19 and the Montana 47 head. The last and most recently formed of these appears to afford the best prospect for the future of the species, since it is established on a very extensive area, where the soil and other surroundings are absolutely those best adapted to the habits of the prairie bison. In the opinion of such a competent authority as Mr. W. T. Hornaday, this herd alone is sufficient to save the species from extinction, as the extent of its range will preserve it from the evil effects of in-breeding.

## HARVEST.

We reap as we have sown.  
The seed to fulness grown  
Waits now the sweeping scythe  
Its harvest ripe to yield.  
Scathless it has withstood  
The storm, and wind, and flood,  
But tares shall claim their tithe,  
And scarlet flecks the field.  
As we have sown we reap.  
In vain repentance weep  
That we no garner need  
But purifying flame.  
Yet one who seeks may find  
A little sheaf to bind  
Of perfect grain; good seed  
That ripened mid the shame.

KATE GREENWOOD.

On the banner of the Church Congress, which has been sitting at Cambridge during the present week, is figured the portrait of Saint Etheldreda, the virgin queen of the Saxons, over whose shrine the Cathedral of Ely was built. Her local, homely name is Saint Audrey, and Audrey, as readers of Shakespeare need not be told, was at one time a common feminine name in rural England. Saint Audrey's Fair used to be held in the Isle of Ely, and at it there used to be sold a kind of rustic necklace which came to be known as the "Tawdry laces." Probably they were made cheap and poor in order to bring profit to those who sold them, and hence the origin of the adjective "tawdry." Such is the story, and it induced us to turn up the phrase "Tawdry lace" in the Oxford dictionary, where it is defined as follows: "In the earliest quotation St. Audrey's lace, *i.e.*, lace of St. Audrey, or Etheldreda (daughter of Anna, King of East Anglia, and patron saint of Ely): A silk 'lace' or necktie, much worn by women in the sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries; sometimes taken as a type of female adornments."

The story told by the Mayor of Cambridge in his speech at a luncheon-party on Monday shows very pleasantly the change which has taken place in the relation between the town and the University. It was that of the proctor, who was saved from an infuriated butcher by an undergraduate and then reprimanded his deliverer for not being in cap and gown. The Master of Trinity explained that the originals of the story were Whewell and Charles Kingsley. It is not often nowadays that there is any serious collision between townspeople and members of the University; the reports of the "rags" which are supposed to take place about the Fifth of November are always greatly exaggerated. Fights between "town" and "gown" are things of the past, though they were not uncommon when the first Church Congress met in Cambridge. The fact that the Mayor can exchange stories with the Heads of Houses at a public luncheon-party is a sign that the understanding between town and University is a good one.

October brings us into the heart of the publishing season, and it is likely that one of the most important books of the season will be Mr. Monypenny's official life of Lord Beaconsfield. It will have a double interest. Although thirty years have passed since the death of the great Conservative statesman, and a generation has arisen which knew not Benjamin, no literary artist could desire a better theme than is offered by his dazzling and bewildering personality. Mr. Monypenny will have but a small share of the side-shows of biography. So great at one time was public curiosity that the Disraelian anecdotes must have been told over and over again. Disraelian sayings are as familiar as those of the Kaiser. Even the State secrets of his day have all been revealed. But that baffling historical figure is as lasting as the Sphinx it resembled. It forms a subject worthy of a Plutarch, and it will be most interesting to see how the biographer will handle it. No light or easy standard has been set by the political biographies of our time. Mr. John Morley's Gladstone is a masterpiece, and Mr. Winston Churchill's life of his father made a great literary reputation for the author.

Mr. Monypenny himself will be on his trial. At present comparatively little is known about him save that he has the reputation of being a very able journalist who has impressed the circle of those who know him. But no great or important work lies to his credit, and there is a mighty difference between dashing off a leader and composing a biography, a difference still further accentuated when the biography happens to be that of a great party leader. Mr. Monypenny has a chance which in the nature of things can be accorded to few, and it will be most interesting to note how far he is capable of rising above his subject and treating it with the right perspective. He is not breaking virgin soil, as already there is a whole library of literature about Disraeli, and the advantage of having official knowledge is bound to diminish with the passage of time, since in every new biography something about Beaconsfield has been disclosed.

The inequity of abbreviation is curiously illustrated in the obituary notices of the late Mr. William Clark Cowie, who in most of the newspapers was simply noted as the eldest son of the late Mr. David Cowie, manager of the Wardmill Works at Arbroath. He is described as having entered the service of a native Sultan and as having founded the first English trading station in North Borneo. Further, the addition is made that he was about sixty-three years of age when he died, and leaves a widow and two children. These are the bare outlines of a picture which, when filled in, reveals one of the most vigorous personalities of our time. It tells nothing of the adventure of the Argyle, a little screw steamer of fourteen tons registered, built at Glasgow for cruising in smooth water. In this vessel he and a few young companions as adventuresome as himself made a voyage of nine thousand miles and landed at North Borneo, where Captain Cowie, as he was generally called, very soon was able to win the confidence of the natives and gradually established himself in a position of the greatest importance. It was the Spanish war with Sulu in 1875 that brought him thoroughly to the front. The later part of his life was spent in working for the British North Borneo Company, of which Mr. Chamberlain said it was the only chartered company that never cost him a sleepless night. It has been justly said of him that "he found North Borneo a pirate-infested wilderness, in which neither life nor property was secure, and had left it as safe for all comers as his native land, with every prospect of a prosperous and happy future."

Considerable uneasiness will be felt by those who consider what the Thirty-eighth Report of the Local Government Board for Ireland has to say about Old-Age Pensions. It was originally supposed that these pensions would increase the self-respect of the class to whom they were given, the class that was said to be degraded by the offer of the workhouse or of outdoor relief. But they seem to be regarded as prizes that are to be won by any kind of trickery, however mean it may be. The idea of the average peasant is that every man who arrives at the age of seventy and has lived an exemplary life is entitled to an Old-Age Pension. Many of them lied vigorously to secure it at the beginning, and when official enquiry rendered that line of conduct more or less futile they hit upon another plan. The Report states that since the passing of the Act it has become almost a universal custom for the small farmer when he reaches the age of seventy to assign his holding to one of his sons and thus qualify for the pension.

It seems clear from the official report of the Local Government Board that the Sussex method of dealing with the tramp nuisance is the most effective that has yet been tried. In the

Eastern Counties in 1909 the number of vagrants admitted to the casual wards was exactly double what it had been seven years ago. In Sussex the number had decreased by sixteen per cent. The implements used to accomplish this are "way" tickets, "bread" tickets and "bread and cheese" tickets, accompanied by a careful attempt to discriminate between the working-man genuinely out of employment and the professional tramp. It is said that on the borders of those districts in which this plan is adopted there are more tramps than ever, because they avoid the system; but that is only a good reason why it should be more generally adopted.

That sixteen hundred puppies are entered for the Produce Stakes this year is a fact calculated to impress those who are under the impression that greyhound coursing has gone out of fashion in this country. No doubt it has done so to a certain extent. Thirty or forty years ago there was no more popular sport in England, and in every county a considerable number of meetings were held during the autumn and winter, while the names of the leading hounds were on everybody's lips. It is usually the fashion to say that the game became degenerate, that, in short, it was ruined by certain practices in association with betting; but a simpler reason is that the modern man is much fonder of doing things himself than of watching animals doing them. Were it otherwise, falconry would still be most popular. In fox-hunting to only a small extent is there any watching of the hounds' work, most men think more of their own riding than of the running of the dogs; and, as a rule, shooting, golfing, fishing and pursuits in which men are actively engaged prove more attractive than those which only form a spectacle.

#### THE RED TENT.

A tent there hangs in the cherry tree;  
Tattered and rent its roof may be,  
But crimson-dyed its canopy falls,  
A branch for a ridge pole, leaves for walls:  
Red as the heart of the sunset rose,  
The dimmer the daylight, the deeper it glows!

Woven of purple, scarlet and brown,  
Amber and orange, its folds droop down;  
To take the wanderer its warmth within;  
To shelter the lost when shadows begin;  
Red as the heart of a damask rose,  
The darker the gloaming, the deeper it glows!

Ranior and ridge pole have I ta'en,  
And pitched my tent adown the lane!  
I have plaited the grass at the four-cross-ways,  
And bright the fires begin to blaze!  
But ashes of roses still gleam for me  
In the red, red tent of the cherry tree!

ALICE E. GILLINGTON.

Lord Hawke is entitled to the praise of having been the most perfect cricket captain of his age. He has "skipped" Yorkshire for twenty-seven years, and during that long period he maintained the credit of the team at its highest pitch. Lord Hawke in himself showed a fine mixture of the comrade and the commander. No one could have been more friendly than he was with the professionals, and yet, when occasion demanded it, he could deal sternly enough with them. But they could never lose the consciousness that the best friend they had was their captain. Lord Hawke made the comfort and prosperity of the professionals a matter of particular concern. He took care that they did not have those idle months in winter which often prove so demoralising, and he arranged their benefits, their talent money and their wages with the view that the man who had distinguished himself in the cricket-field should at the end of his active career have the means at his disposal either for retiring altogether, or for starting a suitable business.

Probably it is safe to say that there has never been a spring in which the queen wasps were more numerous in the South of England than the last, yet we find this autumn that the scarcity of wasps is quite remarkable. The true explanation of the apparent paradox is one to which we have drawn attention before. When there is fine and warm weather at the time that the queen wasps are selecting the sites for their nests, they are not at all careful to find a properly sheltered place for the nests. The consequence is that with the first heavy rain they and their brood are destroyed. In course of the prolonged bad weather during the past summer we may have forgotten what blessings we enjoyed in the spring; but there were, as a matter of fact, this year several weeks of very fine weather at the time when the queen wasps were so much in evidence and were choosing their nesting-places. Owing to unexpected changes of the climate, they have fallen victims to the persistent wet.



In course of a very interesting article on Labrador, contributed to the August number of the American *National Geographic Magazine*, Sir W. T. Grenfell, the writer, makes a comment on the migration of sea-fowl and of seals along that coast which may "give to think" to all who take even the slightest interest in the numerous problems which the migrations of animals suggest. The migrating ducks fly southward in the autumn, along the Labrador Coast, with the intent to pass on up the Belle Isle Straits, between Labrador and Newfoundland, and so on up the St. Lawrence. This intent they accomplish without error in a clear sky, but when it is foggy they invariably repeat a certain error. Shortly before reaching the Straits, immediately after they pass Cape St. Lewis, "a wide deep bay opens up, with only the narrow south side of the bay" dividing it from the Straits, and in a fog every flock of migrating duck makes its way up this bay, "evidently mistaking it for the Straits." It is an expensive mistake, for in a fog the shore of the bay is lined with gunners on the look-out for the dimly-seen shapes of these errant duck, and heavy toll is taken

of them. Nevertheless, the writer confesses to a faith in some instinct of direction in animals, although this particular piece of evidence seems to tell strongly against it. He also relates that the seals, too, in their beneath-sea migration, seem to steer, like the duck, by the coast-lines.

Nobody seems disposed even to hazard a guess at the explanation of what is really a very striking and singular feature of some of the older Kentish orchards this year—that, here and there, in the midst of an apple orchard which has been, speaking generally, a complete failure, so far as its fruit production is concerned, there appears a tree as heavily laden with apples as in the most prolific season. Unfortunately, it is not the intent of this note to attempt any such explanation, but only to draw attention to a circumstance which is certainly remarkable, in the hope that some better-informed agriculturists may be able to expound the reason of that occasional productiveness which is, to most of us, quite beyond our understanding.

## A GREAT EXPERIMENT WITH SHEEP.

**T**HERE are in the Eastern and Southern Counties large tracts of light land. It is naturally poor and not adapted for permanent pasture. It can only be cultivated profitably when under the plough, with the aid of sheep. Nearly half the acreage of these light-land farms is folded off each year by the flock, and the manure which it leaves distributed over the soil is the fertiliser which enables the farmer to grow cereals the following year.

One almost always finds that land of this description is let in large holdings, and that it is cultivated principally on what is known as "The Four Course Shift"; half the land is each year under corn, one fourth is clovers and grasses and the remaining fourth roots. When these porous soils are thus cropped they not only are eminently fitted for the production of mutton, but they become the ideal home of the partridge. The well-tilled farms which are to be found within a six-mile radius of



W. A. Rouch.

SIX BREEDS.

Copyright.

Six-Mile-Bottom are excellent examples of the manner in which generations of farmers have converted what was once practically a worthless district into one which now produces much mutton and corn and finds employment for many labourers. This beneficial change is to be attributed to the turnip and the sheep.

Six-Mile-Bottom is a little village in the Eastern Division of Cambridgeshire, distant about six miles from Newmarket. In and

around this village are to be seen large, open, arable fields which, I am told on good authority, were formerly under grass. The herbage of this grass was very similar to that which now grows on Newmarket Heath, and was of little agricultural value excepting as a sheep run. The locality has long been famous among sportsmen as being some of the best partridge ground in England, and it is equally noted among agriculturists for its celebrated flocks. Hereabouts are bred Mr. Adeane's



W. A. Rouch.

THE MIXED FLOCK OF A HUNDRED.

Copyright.

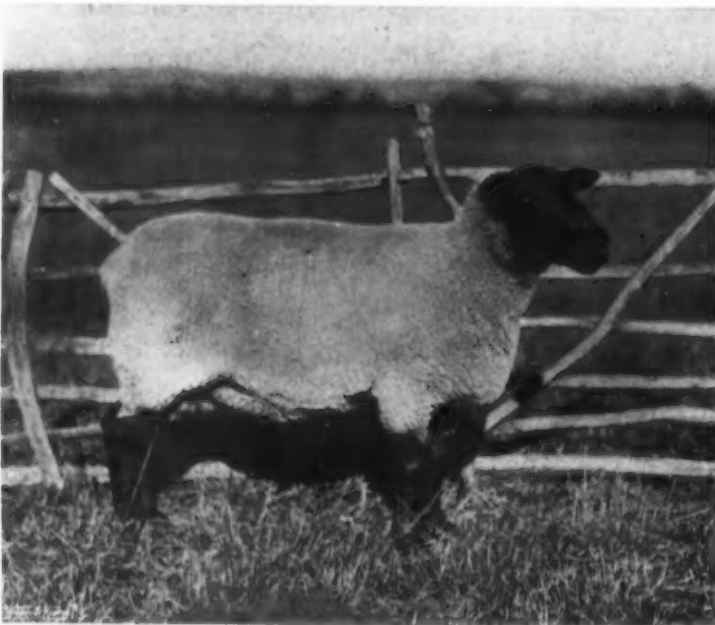




W. A. Rouch.

SOUTHDOWN RAM.

Copyright.



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SUFFOLK EWE.

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HAMPSHIRE DOWN EWE.

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Mr. D. McCalmont's and Mr. A. C. Hall's well-known Southdown sheep, Mr. Henry Lambert's and Mr. Henry Brigg's Hampshire Downs, and numerous Suffolk flocks, of which those owned by the brothers Slater are perhaps the best known. The great flock-master, Jonas Webb, bred his world-famed Southdowns at Babraham, which is near Six-Mile-Bottom, and Mr. Thomas Rush's cross-bred sheep, which became almost invincible at the fat stock shows, were, too, for many years produced in the same village. Another farmer, Mr. George H. Long, a tenant on the Six-Mile-Bottom estate, although a young man, has already gained local fame by breeding very fine fat lambs. Producing mutton during the last two years has not, as a rule, owing to the low price of that commodity and the high price of feeding-stuffs, been a very profitable business. The best quality and smaller mutton has not suffered so much as have the larger or coarser descriptions from competition with the foreign chilled or frozen article.

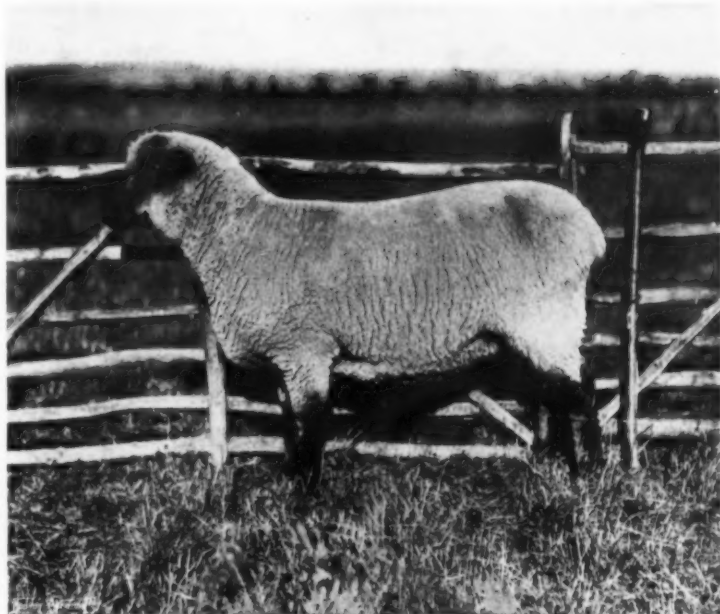
Mr. Long has sought by crossing a Southdown ram on Suffolk ewes to combine in their progeny the good qualities of both breeds, and his success this year is worth recording. His 234 Suffolk ewes began to lamb in February, and produced 301 lambs. Up to the end of July Mr. Long had sold 218 of these fat cross-bred lambs at prices varying from 36s. to 42s. per head, or an average of 39s. 6d. each. The 83 lambs that were left at the end of July were then worth 32s. per head. From the consumer's point of view this cross is all that can be desired. Judging by the figures I have quoted, I should certainly imagine that last year Mr. Long's lambs must have left him a profit. Whether such was the case or no, Mr. Long is next year trying an experiment which should help to show if he can obtain better results by crossing other ewes than Suffolks with a Southdown ram. He has now on his farm, in one fold, twenty ewes, which are either "six-toothed" or "full-mouthed" of each of the following breeds (each of these ewes was weighed on September 19th):

	Weighed		Varied from				Averaged	
	st.	lb.	st.	lb.	st.	lb.	st.	lb.
20 Suffolks	303	6	13	0	to	17	0	15 2½
20 Hampshires	261	1	11	8	to	15	4	13 0½
20 Oxfords	250	12	11	10	to	14	6	13 0
20 Cheviots	156	9	7	1	to	9	0	7 11½
20 Welsh..	140	7	5	6	to	8	3	7 0

The Southdown ram that was in with the ewes weighed 13st. 11lb. The Suffolk ewes were twenty selected from Mr. Long's own flock, and carried more flesh than the other breeds. Probably their lambs had been weaned earlier. The Welsh and the Cheviots had evidently suckled lambs quite recently, and were in comparatively poor condition. The cost price of the purchased ewes delivered at Six-Mile-Bottom Station, and specially selected for the experiment, was as follows: 20 Hampshires, 53s. per head; 20 Oxfords, 55s. 6d. per head; 20 Cheviots, 43s. per head; 20 Welsh, 36s. per head; 20 Suffolks, estimated at 58s. per head. Dorset horned ewes were also to have been tried, but suitable specimens could not be procured at the end of August.

So marked was the result obtained from using Southdown rams on Suffolk ewes last year, their progeny fattened so readily and were so "full of quality," that sires of a similar breed are being used again this year on the hundred experimental ewes. This mixed flock of ewes will be kept separate from other sheep and will be lambed down on Mr. Long's farm. I think all who know Mr. Long and his capabilities as a practical man farming 700 acres would agree with me that one may safely assume that these sheep will be properly cared for and generously fed. Next year it is intended that notes shall be made from time to time: (1) Of the live weights of the various cross-bred lambs; (2) of their market value; (3) of the ages at which the different varieties are fit for market and of the actual price they realise. It is also to be hoped that pens of each of the crosses will be on view at some of the 1911 summer and winter shows, as I am sure that this experiment by so eminent a sheep-farmer has only to become known for it to evoke more than local interest.

It is too much to expect on a farm which is run for profit that the exact cost of producing each class of lamb can be obtained. This would entail keeping the dams of each breed and their offspring in separate lots from the time the ewes were put with the ram until every lamb and ewe is disposed of. There would also be the additional expense and trouble of weighing the food consumed by each variety of ewes and their lambs. Mr. Long intends selling all the purchased ewes as soon as possible after their lambs are weaned or sold. The difference between the cost price of



W. A. Rouch.

OXFORD DOWN EWE.

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the various breeds and the amount they realise when disposed of should be an interesting fact. This experiment, which is being carried out by an experienced farmer, with a skilled shepherd, on land specially adapted and cropped for sheep-raising, ought to be a guide not only as to which class of cross-bred lamb it is most profitable to rear, but also as to which the consumer prefers.

The latter point is one which the foreigner has studied for years. He has found that the British public likes small joints. In consequence, only sheep and lambs of light or medium weights are, as a rule, killed and shipped to this country. The largest quantity of our imported mutton comes from our Colonies and Argentina. There the production of wool is the first consideration, and the Merino, or that breed crossed with sheep which are noted more for wool than for the flavour of their flesh, is the type of sheep that is chiefly raised. I am afraid if huge consignments of carcasses of our best mutton breeds of sheep were sent to England that even more frozen mutton would be consumed here than is the case at present. To-day the class of mutton imported into this island is inferior in nearly every respect to the home-bred article. There is one exception—the carcasses are generally of uniform weight and they are not too heavy. The British farmer who continues to fatten very large, heavy sheep must expect to find less demand for them every year. Huge shearling wethers are now uncommon in our cattle markets, and I should not be surprised if hoggets or tegs that weigh 80lb. to 100lb.

dead weight do not soon become a thing of the past. In choosing a Southdown ram to be the sire of his cross-bred lambs I think Mr. Long has made a wise selection. The Southdown, which is a sheep of medium weight, is noted for its mutton, easily fattens and is a small consumer. It is the oldest English race of mutton sheep, and therefore its males are most impressive sires. Having these qualifications, a Southdown ram ought to beget the type of lamb or mutton that pleases both the producer and the consumer.

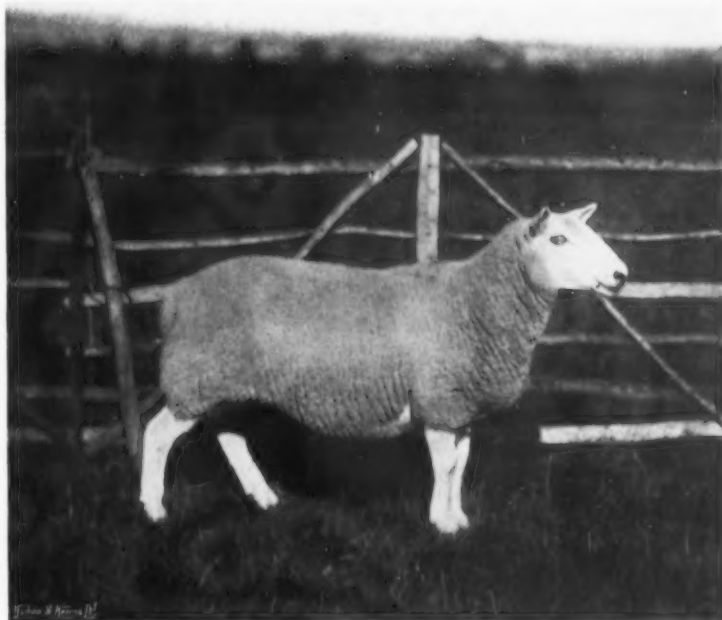
The photographs of ewes which illustrate this article are some of those in Mr. Long's experimental flock, and the ram was the one in use on September 20th. These illustrations are interesting as representing sheep in a perfectly natural condition. One generally sees reproductions of specimens that have been housed, trimmed and coloured. Further particulars of this experiment will appear in due course in COUNTRY LIFE.

W.

## AGRICULTURAL NOTES.

### THE SOUTHDOWNS AT HOME.

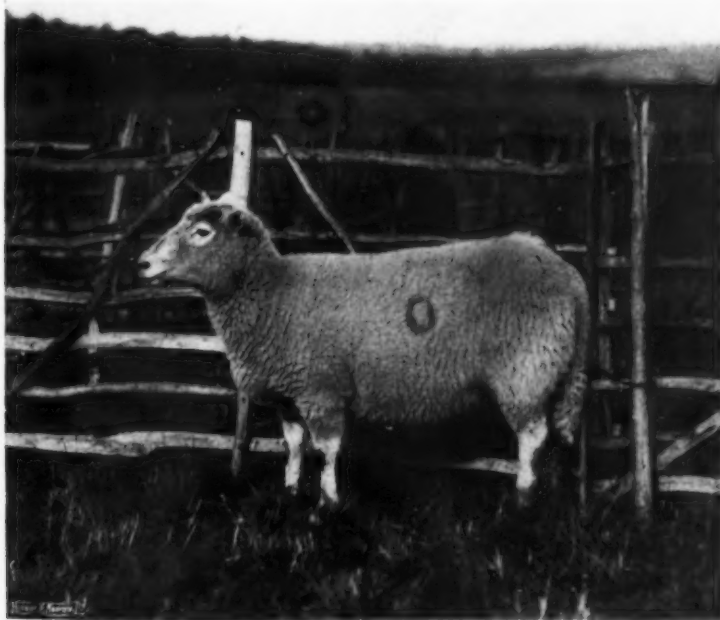
LAST week I spent a most interesting day at Lewes Fair. It was held on a slope of the Downs, which rose on every side and stretched away for many miles, affording scenery peculiar to themselves. This was beautiful enough in the bright September sunshine, but it was the sheep which graze upon them rather than the hills themselves that chiefly engaged my



W. A. Rouch.

CHEVIOT EWE.

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WELSH EWE.

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attention on this occasion. In the first place, it was something of a novelty to me to see a concourse of nine thousand sheep penned for sale with every one of them of the same breed, and that one which claims to be the oldest and purest in descent of any in England. Then it is a rare thing in these days to attend a fair or market where there are no salesmen or auctioneers and the farmers transact their own business in the good old way. They had a tedious time of it, however, on this occasion, for trade was bad, and after waiting for hours, several told me that they had not even been asked their price. The supply consisted of draft ewes, mostly full-mouthed but good for another lamb or two, and wether lambs for winter feeding. Prices were low and few of the ewes fetched 35s., while most of the lambs that were sold at all went at 23s. to 27s., very few exceeding 30s. As a great admirer of the breed, I was surprised and rather disappointed to find such a poor demand. Everybody said there was plenty of keep as well as good prospects for wintering. Mutton is at a medium value, which leaves a fair margin for profit. The sheep were in good condition, and many of the ewes were fit to kill and would have made a profit on the price asked had they been sent to the London market. By far the best trade was that for the rams, and some were purchased to go into Kent for crossing purposes. I talked with the farmers (who seemed to have plenty of time to spare) on their principles of breeding, and expressed my conviction, perhaps quite freely enough, that they were sacrificing too much to size and gradually departing from the true type, which should be small, fine in bone and with meat of the very finest quality. I told them they might leave the cultivation of size to other breeds. They took my remarks in very good part, but urged that the bigger they got their sheep the more money they made, and to this I could only reply that the smaller the sheep the larger would be the number they could keep per acre and the greater the value per pound. One farmer then said that they could keep three of their native sheep to every two of a larger breed, and I claimed that this was an



admission that the principle of my contention was correct. I fired a parting shot by reminding them of the lessons they might have learned from the life-work of Jonas Webb, who grasped the true mission of the Sussex Down and earnestly deprecated any attempt to emulate other breeds in the matter of size.

#### A SEASONABLE TASK.

The glorious weather which early autumn has brought us will be utilised by all good farmers in cleaning the land which this year has produced so many weeds. The broad-shared scuffle or the skim plough will be everywhere in requisition, followed by the harrows and a burning of rubbish. This, of course, is excellent farming, but it might, perhaps, be carried a step further more often than it is, and the land greatly benefited at little cost. The ground should be covered wherever possible by a green crop, not necessarily for feeding off, but for ploughing in. Mustard seed is not expensive, and if sown at once will produce growth sufficient to absorb the atmospheric gases and act as a manure as well as helping to smother weeds. On heavy land particularly its mechanical action, after being ploughed, is also of great service. It tends to keep the soil loose, the stems acting as air-channels, an obvious advantage on retentive soils. It will often succeed by simply harrowing in the seed on the stubbles without any other cultivation. There is no doubt that in the days when all the wheat was cut high with the old sickle, the long stubble ploughed in did much good to heavy land by admitting the air and frost to pulverise it. A. T. M.

#### THE NEW ZEALAND JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

We have just received a copy of the second issue of the Journal of the Department of Agriculture, New Zealand. This journal should be of special interest to English readers, not so much on account of the

practical articles it contains, which deal mainly with agricultural matters under purely local conditions, as for the keen consideration it shows for the English market. An experimental shipment of apples has recently been made to this country which was not altogether a success, and several pages are devoted to the history of the sale, the condition of the market, the packing, carriage and treatment of the fruit, the varieties most popular in London, etc., for future guidance. New Zealand growers are keen to obtain a footing here, and we may soon expect to have our imported apple supply augmented by New Zealand fruit. It is interesting to note in this connection that our annual expenditure on this fruit is nearly two and a-half millions sterling, that sum being practically divided between Canada and Australia. Another article, on the Pasteurisation of milk, is by Mr. J. Pedersen, who strongly recommends the process on account of its adding keeping quality to the butter, which is shipped in increasing quantities to Great Britain. Pasteurisation also removes all flavour of feed from the cream and the fishy flavour due to long storing, which is the most serious defect in butter shipped from the Dominion. The Department of Agriculture have taken poultry-farming under their wing, and have established poultry stations, where pure-bred birds and eggs of various breeds of hens, ducks and turkeys may be obtained. Full information is given as to table breeds and egg producers, and both birds and eggs are sold at uniform prices. Thus hen and duck eggs are six shillings and sixpence per dozen, turkey and pheasant eggs ten shillings per dozen, including postage and packing. The breeds stocked are Campines, Leghorns, Minorcas, Wyandottes, Orpingtons, Plymouth Rocks, Aylesbury, Pekin and Indian Runner ducks and American bronze turkeys. If the Department's efforts are appreciated as they deserve, we may anticipate supplies of poultry and eggs to supplement those already received from Canada.

## SOME VARIETIES OF THE PHEASANT.

ONCE it happened to us, killing one of the old dark-necked pheasants which we are fond of speaking of as "the old English pheasant," to say to a keeper who was more than a little of a character that it was a specimen of the "common pheasant." "Common pheasant!" he repeated with scorn; "about as common as common-sense!" Nevertheless, though this bird has now become such a rarity with us that it is regarded as a curiosity when killed, there is no doubt that it was the first pheasant imported into Europe by the Romans from the regions in the South of Russia which are its real home coverts. The Romans have the credit of introducing it to these islands, but it is a claim which appears doubtful. This pheasant, the "common pheasant" of the books, is, scientifically, *Phasianus colchicus*, and it is him that we call the "blackneck."

That is a good and distinctive title, because the bird that has made him a *rara avis* in our coverts, has ousted him and absorbed him by crossing, is the bird with the white ring round his neck—the ring-necked pheasant, or *Phasianus torquatus*. This, too, came from the



BLACKNECK.

East, and it is said that its first introduction to the West was to the island of St. Helena early in the sixteenth century; but it was not till a good deal later that he came, saw and conquered the British Islands.

A very long while elapsed between the introduction of these two pheasants, which are the joint basis of what, by reason of their length of naturalisation, we are now almost justified in our habit of calling the "native" breed, and the importation into our coverts of any new varieties. There may have been introductions of Reeves's pheasant—that fine and hardy bird which we might perhaps make more use of—the gorgeous golden and Amherst pheasants, the Prince of Wales's and others, but they cannot be said to have been regularly turned out until within years that are in the memory of many of us who still claim to hold a tolerably straight gun. Chronologically, the next pheasant that was given a real trial was the Japanese, as we call him *Anglicé*, but *versicolor* as he is termed in scientific class lists. The late Lord Derby is credited with



RINGNECK.



being the first to bring this bird into England, and this was not until 1840. The bird itself, conspicuous for the dark green breast of the male, is not, according to the specimens seen by the present writer, as large a bird as our natives (so called); but it is a curious thing with regard to all these pheasants that there is a tendency, which seems to be constant, for a cross between any two species or varieties to be very much larger than either of the original parent stocks. This was the case with the crosses of the colchicus and torquatus in the first place; and it was found again, as soon as the crossing took place between the versicolor and either of the older-established kinds, that the hybrids were bigger and stronger than either parent stock. Be this said—"either parent stock"—rather than either parent, because it is a no less constant tendency in this family of birds that the hens shall be considerably smaller as well as far less conspicuous of plumage than the cocks. Nesting as they do on the ground, it is almost an essential for the survival of their race that the parent which does the brooding of the eggs should be of a hue likely to escape the notice of its foes.

It was not until after the Japanese pheasant had been tried and found not altogether an improvement, even in its crosses, on our older kinds, for the purposes of covert-shooting, that experiment was made with that variety which certainly is the best of all, and is certainly in its crosses with the colchicus and torquatus a better bird than either of those of pure breed. This is the Mongolian (*mongolicus*), and we owe much to Mr. Walter Rothschild for its introduction to the notice of sportsmen, and also to Mr. Russell, who, as a professional breeder, was, we think, the first to take it up seriously and disseminate its hybrids. Mr. Rowland Ward was very soon alive to its qualities, and introduced it among the first as a bird for sporting coverts.

In its pure state the cock is a splendid bird, with its general look of dark green gloss over the plumage, variegated on the sides with a rich red. Its broad white collar and the white on its wings are very conspicuous on the dark ground. The lady is a very modest companion of this magnificent lord. The bird is very hardy, and the crosses with the older British kinds, which show more of the characteristics of the Mongolian than of the other parents, are splendid in their size, their boldness of flight and their hardihood. There is not the least doubt that



HALF-BRED MONGOLIAN.

they are much more easily reared at present, and much more immune from disease, than the birds that have been long established with us. Perhaps it would be rash to say that this

advantage will always be theirs. It is conceivable that they may still be in the vigour of an early cross, and that within a generation or so some of this vigour will be lost; but, at all events, we might as well make the best of it while it lasts and use the birds in our coverts.

In all there are something like sixty species of true pheasants, to say nothing of several allied birds which are often called by that name. It is evident, therefore, that this brief notice is very far from exhausting the subject, and that a long time before that consummation was reached there would be absolute exhaustion of the patience of the reader.



HALF-BRED COCK.

pheasants had suffered from any wholesale attack throughout the country. Probably where they have suffered to a large extent the cause is local, though it may easily have been

accentuated by the wet character of the summer. It would, indeed, be very astonishing if disease were not to break out in some of the districts where game-farming is carried out on little patches of ground wholly unsuited to the purpose. We know of farms where pheasants have been kept for years in numbers out of all proportion to the accommodation. The owners complain that an increasing proportion of the young birds "go light," and these young birds when handled are found to be emaciated to the last point. But this is a very different thing from receiving reports that there is a widespread pheasant disease. The facts seem to contradict that, at any rate. At the same time, it is impossible to contend that the birds are in anything like a flourishing condition. The summer has been a most unfavourable one for pheasant-breeding, whether wild or tame, and one result plainly to be seen is that the broods have been exceptionally small, and this for two reasons.



A PURE-BRED MONGOLIAN COCK.

The first is that a larger proportion of the eggs than usual was barren. That seems to be a fairly strong inference to draw, and it is only fair to our readers to say that it is made from careful observation on three different estates, which are not in our opinion other than typical and average. There is no special reason why unfertile eggs should be more numerous on them than on the others; but being under the careful watch and control of keepers, the eggs were actually tested with the results as described. Of course, the eggs of a second or third clutch are usually more often fertile than those of a first clutch, and due allowance is made for that in the statement. The second point is that the hatching season was not good. It was, for one thing, prolonged to a very late period; and, unhappily, the prolongation was accompanied by the least desirable kind of weather, namely, drenching rains and cold, frosty winds. We cannot be far wrong, therefore, in drawing the conclusion that the supply of pheasants this year will not be a bumper one; but the actual facts will not be fully known for some weeks to come. The First of October on a great many estates becomes more and more a merely nominal opening day. It arrives this year with the crops removed from the fields, it is true, but with the covert as thick as it was in August and the leafage still on the trees. Shooting on any large scale is, for the time being, out of the question. The state of the case then, is that breeding has been conducted under unfavourable circumstances; that consequently the supply is not large; but that, on the other hand, the disease which was described so carefully in these columns at the beginning of the season has not spread very widely or produced any very deadly effects.

[FROM OUR CORRESPONDENTS.]  
HAMPSHIRE.

It is difficult to give the number of pheasants likely to be found on October 1st, as many people shoot everything and then rear what they want. The health of the birds at breeding-time was excellent in all respects. They were strong before the wet and cold weather, and both wild and tame birds have, I think, done extremely well. The present health of the birds is very good. I have heard of no cases of disease.—PERCY LAMING.

KENT.

A very good stock of birds remained from last season, and their health during the breeding season was apparently very good. This seems to have been a good breeding season for wild pheasants, especially the earlier-hatched broods.

Birds reared by hand have done very well. I have heard complaints that birds in pens had not laid so well as in former years, but wild birds certainly laid and hatched uncommonly well. The present state of the birds seems very good, and there has not

been any disease, except a certain amount of gapes, which is troublesome in many places.—E. C. B. M.-N.

NORFOLK.

I have had a talk to my head-keeper this morning, and he agrees that a good stock was left from last season, and that the condition of the birds at breeding-time was good. A few nests were found early, but on the whole it was a late nesting season. The birds hatched out very weak, and many eggs were spoilt by frost and cold; it was very wet during incubation time. A good many young birds have died of gapes. The present health of the birds is good, but very backward, and the wild birds are not up to the average.—CHARLES B. HANBURY.

EAST ANGLIA.

The number of pheasants to be found on a shoot on October 1st is more a question of money than anything else. Unlike the partridge, the pheasant is a comparatively easy bird to rear by hand, and eggs can be purchased from game-farms at a reasonable cost. Provided the owner of a preserve employs competent keepers and finds sufficient funds he can generally calculate on obtaining a stipulated quantity of pheasants to shoot at. The stock of pheasants left last February in the Eastern Counties was, I think, an average one, and the birds were healthy. Generally speaking, the eggs that were placed under hens last spring hatched out well, and the pheasant chicks thrived and grew fast, and were strong enough to withstand the wet, cold weather that thinned or destroyed so many coveys of partridges. One heard complaints of gapes, but I do not think this disease caused very serious losses.

The amount of wild birds one sees and hears of at harvest-time, or just before, is generally a good guide as to whether pheasants are likely to be plentiful or not. I quite think I noticed more wild pheasants than usual this year, and reports coincide with this view. As a rule I believe there are plenty of strong, well-grown pheasants.—W.

MIDLANDS.

The majority of the pheasants on this estate are hand-reared, and we have had a good season, birds being healthy and strong at breeding-time, and the young birds have done well. Wild birds have also apparently done well, and there has been little or no disease, either among these or the hand-reared birds. The stock left from the previous season was well up to the average, but eggs did not hatch out quite so well as in 1909, the percentage of young birds not being quite so good, but they are, as stated, doing well, and show every prospect of a good season's sport.—F. W.

THE NORTH.

There was, generally, a good stock of birds left at the end of last season; a larger one than usual. Birds never, perhaps, looked better at breeding-time than they did this year. Conditions were good during nesting and covert plentiful, except just at the beginning of the season. A few birds died

later on by reason of thunder rains, but not a large number. At present the health of the birds is good, and I hear very few complaints about disease in North Northumberland. Indications point to a satisfactory shooting season.—B.



PURE MONGOLIAN COCK.



VERSICOLOR PHEASANTS.





## TALES OF COUNTRY LIFE.

## THE GREAT BLACK BIRD.

BY  
HILDA L. DAWSON.



IT was a very pretty lane; it ran up and down hill, twisted for a while, and then ran straight; stretches of grass lay on

either side the path, and beyond, over low hedges, the fields of buttercups blazed in the sun like golden glass; when the wind blew, they turned red as the long, waving tufts of sorrel bent over their yellow neighbours and hid them for a second. Overhead, great elms met in a confusion of branches, leaves and the cawing of rooks; halfway down the lane the rural sounds of a farmyard arose, and, blended with the chorus of rooks and swaying branches, sang a triumphant song of summer.

There was a little girl crouching in the hedge opposite the farmyard gate. She steadied herself on the bank by grasping a huge dock; the other arm she kept straight out in front of her, as though she held something at bay. She leaned forward, almost in a beseeching attitude, with her eyes fixed in terror at the gate. When she heard footsteps drawing near her heart stopped thumping quite so fast, and she stared up the lane instead of at the gate, and when the footsteps were in front of her she darted from the bank with a little gasp and clutched the hand of the newcomer.

"Oh man," she said, "I'm frightened."

Grant Templeton gasped too. Though he was in the depths of the lane, where the great elms met above his head and the rooks cawed and the cattle lowed, he had not known it; he had not felt summer calling him, for his thoughts were far away, and these thoughts made him dejected and weary, though he was only a schoolboy whose head might have been full of cricket or fives.

So he gasped too. When one's mind is composed of two black blots—the master who expelled one from school, and a sad, stern father—is it not surprising to be torn from their gloomy contemplation by a pale-cheeked scrap of a child, with an untidy shock of straggling brown hair, out of which two grey eyes gleam at one like stars in the moonlight?

He brushed his hand over his forehead—perhaps to bring him back to the realities of the lane—and looked around him.

"I don't see *why*," he said, at last.

Then Marjie bent forward and pointed behind the gate. A very large, fat, solemn bird stood there, perfectly still; it didn't even gobble or peck the ground, but just stared and stared and stared.

The youth shrugged his shoulders.

"That," he said. "That's only a turkey."

"A turkey?" she whispered, "just a Christmas turkey? Oh, no, man, he isn't; he's the Great Black Bird what takes naughty boys and girls away. Suddingly the sky gets blacker an' blacker, 'cos his wings grow bigger an' bigger, an' they flap an' flap till he's quite, quite close, an' they flap round you all black like ink, an' you can't get away, an' he flies you up into the clouds an' you never come back no more."

Two tears trickled down the child's face, and Grant Templeton gasped again. Then he walked away from the gate with Marjie's hand in his.

"That's Farmer Purdie's prize turkey," he said, with heavy stress on each word, "and it can't fly an inch; so don't you be afraid, little 'un. But tell me about this Great Black Bird, with the wings that grow an' grow while you watch 'em. I'd like to meet him."

So the two walked down the lane, hand in hand, and the little girl confided implicitly in her new friend and murmured a strange tale of the terrible enemy who was always lurking somewhere for her.

Three months ago, when the only person in the whole world who really mattered to Marjie died, the doctor looked

very gravely at the little daughter left behind and afterwards shook his head.

"She wants fresh air," he said; "take her to the country and stuff her with milk and cream and eggs, or you'll lose her, too"—for he was thinking of the dead young mother lying above.

Then the professor thrust his books aside and gazed over his spectacles. "Lose her, too!" he repeated, mechanically.

He tried to straighten himself, but this he could not do; the habit of years is not broken in a day, so he stroked and straightened his long grey beard instead. Then he sent for his sister, Anna Maria, and she it was who found the cottage in the winding lane all among the hayfields, and who transported her widowed brother and his pale Marjie from a London suburb to the very heart of the country. And the professor drew his books once again around him, and his back bent more and more as the days went by; while Anna Maria did her duty to the child, with the best intentions, no doubt, but with the grievous result of often making her little life a burden to her.

The professor could never have been called an imaginative man, but he *was* guilty of one invention, and that was the Great Black Bird. In the days gone by, if Marjie were naughty, he would clap his hands together, point out of the window, and cry "Look! Look! Here comes the Great Black Bird! Dry up the tears or he'll have you!"

But that was in the days gone by, when there was always the mother to run to, who kissed the tears away and laughed at the Great Black Bird. Aunt Anna Maria never laughed, and never kissed the tears away; so the Bird grew in dimensions until its wings were so tremendous that one flap would blot out the farm and the lane and the cottage, and when Marjie had torn her dress, or slammed a door, or refused to eat the same pudding every day of the week, then the Great Black Bird was so real to her that she even knew which cloud it was he waited behind—waiting to pounce down and swoop upon her.

But for the time the child was reassured. With someone by her side the bird at the gate became just a turkey, while overhead that day there were no clouds to hide the enemy; so she trotted along with the tall boy, running to keep up with his swinging paces, and the look of terror had gone from her eyes.

They stopped at another gate; he put his elbows on the top bar and gazed moodily over the golden field, and she perched herself on the stile. She searched the blue sky intently, but there was nothing floating towards her up there but one soft bunch of fluffy cotton-wool, and she smiled happily. Then she pointed in another direction.

"There's where he lives," she whispered.

Grant turned and looked in the direction of the upraised arm. Straight over the farmyard, in a line with the great belt of trees far away, where lay hidden the deep green pond, on and on till on the horizon stood a dark patch, mauve and grey against the blue sky—the beginning of the beech woods. Up in the sky above this patch was where the child pointed.

"Grown-ups are never naughty," she went on, "so they're never afraid of the Great Black Bird. You'd be afraid if you wasn't good, and you knew he was comin' one day." She nodded her head till the straggly brown hair hid the grey, starlit eyes.

There was a pause; then Grant said, "I'm *not* good—I'm naughtier than forty little girls like you."

The words sounded very strange to him, for he had never confessed before.

Marjie slipped off the stile.



"Oh man," she said, "then *are* you afraid too? Does the Great Black Bird want you *an'* me?"

"Want me?" he cried. "Yes. I daresay he does. And he can have me, too. I'm not a coward. I'm not afraid—not I!"

He had forgotten the little girl, for he shook his fist at the golden buttercups, and stamped on the grass under his feet.

It was the word "coward" that upset Marjie. She could remember her mother talking with shame of such a person, and Aunt Anna Maria jeering at one; she sank in a little heap on the ground and hid her face in her hands.

"Oh, I don't *want* to be a coward!" she sobbed; "tell me how not to be one."

The boy's fist was still in the air, and for the moment his imaginative brain was on fire.

"Come along," he shouted; "come along—tell your tales and do your worst, all the lot of you—I'm not afraid—come along, and I'll come and meet you!"

Only the last two words clung to Marjie.

"Meet you," she said; "will you go and meet the Great Black Bird? And must I go and meet him too?"

Grant's arm fell to his side; the passion was over, and so he noticed the child on the ground and heard her query, "Must I go and meet him too?"

He picked her up as gently as a soft-hearted woman might have done, and sat her on the top of the five-barred gate.

"Don't cry," he said; "you're a plucky one, I know. And there's no one for *you* to meet but your old daddy who's just coming up the lane."

The child looked, and saw her bent, grey-bearded father close at hand.

"It's late, I 'specs," she said. "Goodbye, man—and oh, I *won't* be a coward!"

She slipped down from the high gate and ran away. He watched her as she joined the old man, and the two as they turned down the lane again, and he sighed. He was beginning to wish that *he* were seven instead of seventeen.

He left the gate and turned back up the lane. There had been no purpose in coming down it, and he might as well go back—home. He thought he hated home, the big White House at the top, standing where the green lane joined the long, dusty road, and he thought it wouldn't matter if his mother were not there, and how glad he would be if his father did not come back that week—or the next—or the next. If only he didn't love his stern father he wouldn't care—but he did, and—When he reached this point he stood still and wondered, for he remembered just now declaring that he was no coward.

"I can't meet him—I absolutely *can't*," he whispered to himself.

And down the lane, in the cottage, the professor once more bent over his books, while upstairs Marjie knelt by her cot alone, with a newly-worded prayer on her baby lips.

"Dear God, bless dear daddy, and take care of dear mummie what's up in heaven, and *please* don't let Marjie be a coward."

Outside, in the lane, the wind raged and screamed round the sturdy white walls of the cottage, and the rain poured down; the flowers bent submissive heads, and some bent to break and never rise again. Inside, Aunt Anna Maria raged, too; and though for the past fortnight, since Marjie had met the turkey and Grant, the lady had had no cause for anger with her niece, yet never had that gaily-bechintzed little parlour known her so angry as now.

And in the eyes of the little culprit standing silent against the wall was such a picture of outspoken terror that, if she had but looked, Aunt Anna Maria's heart must have melted. But she didn't look, and when the child slipped out of the room, she did not even notice her go, though it was long past her bedtime. For she was trying to piece together the rose-bowl which lay in twenty pieces on the table, while Marjie stood at the porch, fearfully gazing over the farmyard to the far, far horizon.

She could not remember one word of Aunt Anna Maria's wrath; it was the Great Black Bird that made her heart go bang, bang at her side. She clutched at her little skirts as the gloomy cloud in the distance grew blacker and blacker; all around was black and threatening, but *there* was the darkest spot of all.

Then Marjie did a strange thing, for she raised a tiny clenched fist and shook it at the lowering heavens.

"I'm *not* a coward," she cried, and with arms outstretched she ran down the flagstone path and out into the lane.

When ten o'clock struck that night Grant Templeton could sit still no longer. In one quarter of an hour his father must

drive in at the gates yonder, and in five minutes after that he would have to face him.

He started from his chair and paced the room. There was no one to help him; his mother had ceased to take interest in him from the day his curls had been shorn from his head and velvet suits abandoned; he had seen, too, by her face and ways for a week past that she *knew*, but yet had nothing to say. The house, the garden and her little daughter's frills demanded all her attention; she did, indeed, sometimes attempt to mould her son to fit the house, which was folly; if she had tried moulding the house to fit *him*, she would have been a more successful mother.

So it was not at all of her that he thought as he strode up and down; if there was anyone in his mind except his father, it was Marjie, who since that first time, a fortnight ago now, had been with him every day, sometimes on a hayrick, sometimes up and down the cool green lane, and sometimes perched again on the top of the five-barred gate. She had told him about her new prayer—how she asked God never to let her be a coward; and though he had laughed at the Great Black Bird, yet he had thought then that *he* would, perhaps, begin praying again; but he had felt ashamed, and had not done so, and now he could not wait calmly for his father, but must shudder, and tremble and wish himself dead.

The motor horn sounded at the far end of the road, and a sudden madness seized the boy. He rushed through the open window, across the lawn, out into the lane and into the fields, heavy with the new-cut hay, rain-soaked. In the dim light he stumbled and fell against a haycock, and there he sat and listened. He heard the car turn into the drive and the front door open and shut, and with his inside ears he heard his father calling, "Grant! Grant!"

Then he got up and walked further away, into the next field and the next, and then across a road and more fields, and then among the heather and gorse of the open country. A fine drizzle fell, and ere long he was very wet; but he did not notice it. He only knew that he had run away, and that though he was ashamed, yet he could not go back. Marjie's elf-like face, with the deep grey eyes, rose before him, and he could hear her saying, "Oh, I don't *want* to be a coward," and he strode on in the darkness and struck into a belt of trees, more and more ashamed, neither knowing nor caring where he went.

A piercing cry suddenly broke into his troubled thoughts and arrested his hurried tramp. It was followed by sobs and then a thud on the ground, as of something falling. Then all was silent again, except for the gentle drip, drip of the rain from the branches overhead.

For a moment the boy seemed paralysed; what unhappy spirit roamed the country-side at night? Or was it only an owl, atune with the weather?

He took a step forward, and again he heard sobs—childish, frightened sobs, and light dawned on him in the darkness. He was sure he had not made a mistake.

"Marjie! Marjie! Little 'Un!" he cried—"it's only me—Grant—your Man!"

He fumbled with his damp matches, and at last one lighted, and he rushed at the little heap lying a few feet ahead of him; and in the feeble flicker he saw that the child had fallen on the very edge of the deep green pond.

He shuddered; if *he* had not come, what might not have happened to his playmate; or if she had not screamed at that moment, *what* an ending to his miserable cowardice!

He folded her in his arms, wrapt in his coat, and as fast as he could he tramped back through the trees, over the heather and across the dripping fields homewards.

He knew, ere he reached the cottage, that Marjie had been to meet the Great Black Bird, and that she had screamed and fallen because she had heard his footsteps and had thought her enemy had found her at last; and he knew, too, that *he* had run away.

He set his teeth and hugged the bundle closer.

"Bless her for helping me," he said.

In the lane he heard voices and a distressed woman's cry.

It was Aunt Maria and the professor surrounded by a knot of farm hands.

He stalked up to them and placed his treasure in the old woman's arms.

"Here," he said, abruptly.

The old woman was speechless; but she clasped the child tight to her and feverishly kissed the half-parted lips, and the professor dried his spectacles and straightened his long beard alternately.

Other people's children are sometimes very trying, and Aunt Anna Maria had none of her own, but she *had* a soft patch in her hard old heart after all. She turned to thank the boy, but he had gone.

Gone—tramping up the lane in his shirt sleeves—into the drive of the White House and up the great stone steps.

The door was still ajar, and he entered the house, resolute. At the far end of the hall a steady light shone from his father's study,

and he knew he was up—waiting for him. He walked towards it. "Please, God, don't let me be a coward," he breathed, for Marjie's spirit had come to him.

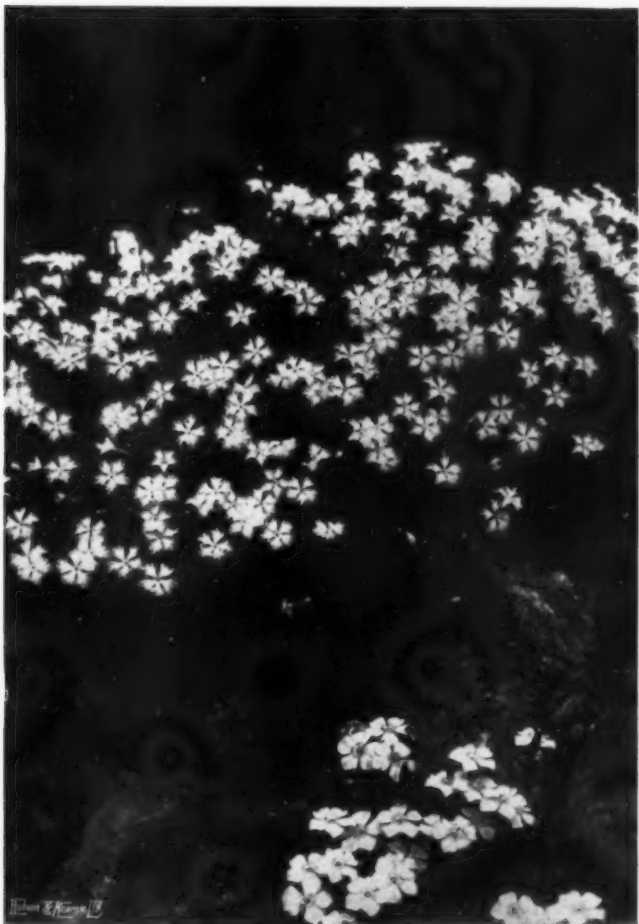
Then he turned the handle and walked in.

## IN THE GARDEN.

### WOODLAND FRUITS IN AUTUMN.

**A**T this season the woodland and pleasure grounds owe not a little of their charm to those trees and shrubs which bear fruits of an ornamental character. During recent years landscape gardeners have realised more fully the value of such plants, and in the best-designed gardens ornamental fruits now occupy their proper position. The list of trees and shrubs worthy of special notice on account of their fruits is already a moderately extensive one, and each year witnesses the addition of one or more new varieties which may be regarded as improvements on previously existing sorts. Among the Crab-Apples we find trees of great beauty in autumn, the variety named John Downie being the most beautiful of all. It forms a good-sized tree, and the slightly conical-shaped fruits, which are coloured brilliant yellow and scarlet, usually transform the rather slender branches into ropes of vivid colour. A new variety that was much admired when shown before the members of the Royal Horticultural Society a year or two ago under the name of New Scarlet is exceptionally brilliant, very little yellow being noticeable in its scarlet fruits. The Siberian Crab, with its wand-like branches clothed with long-stemmed orange and scarlet fruits, is now well known, and for planting as an isolated specimen on a large lawn it is ideal. Two varieties of it are obtainable, one having scarlet fruits and the other yellow. As the fruits of this Crab hang on the trees well into the winter, they present an attractive appearance over a long period. The Dartmouth Crab, with larger red and yellow fruits, more resembles our native variety in habit.

In quite a different section of the Apple family we find the Mountain Ash or Rowan tree, the clusters of scarlet fruits of which are too well known to need further mention here. There is, however, a yellow-fruited variety of the Rowan tree that is not so well known, and which might well be grown in conjunction with the type. The list of Crab-Apples and their allies worth growing for their fruits alone might easily be extended, but those named above are the best for general purposes. In the Crataegus or Thorn family we find many trees and shrubs



PINKS IN THE ROCK GARDEN.



A FLOWER-BORDERED PATH.

of great beauty in the autumn months, the best-known shrub being *C. Pyracantha*, which is usually found trained to walls. It will, however, thrive in the open, and well-grown isolated specimens, with their slender, drooping branches clothed with clusters of bright scarlet fruits, are very effective. A variety of it named *Lalandii* has even brighter berries. Another of special note is *C. coccinea*, the Scarlet Haw of the United States. It grows about twenty feet high and has large scarlet fruits, the beauty of these being added to by the foliage, which frequently takes on a bright orange scarlet hue in autumn. The Cockspur or Newcastle Thorn also has bright red fruit and ornamental foliage. *C. mollis* has large, fleshy red fruits, and the Washington Thorn, *C. cordata*, is worth growing, as its scarlet fruits usually hang on the trees for the greater part of the winter.

Among the Roses we find quite a number that, in addition to their flowers in summer, provide a bright display of fruits in the autumn. The best of these will be found in the *Rugosa* section, most varieties of which are worth growing for their fruits, the colour of these varying from bright scarlet to almost vivid orange. *Rosa pomifera* has large, dark red, hairy fruits, and others of this colour are *R. rubiginosa* and *R. californica*. *R. microphylla* has yellow fruits covered with soft spines, and *R. spinosissima* has haws of a dull blackish brown hue. The Sea Buckthorn must not be overlooked when selecting shrubs which have ornamental fruits in autumn. It forms a rather straggling shrub some eight feet to ten feet high, and is clothed with semi-transparent pale orange berries. It will thrive in gardens near the sea, and on this account is of more than usual interest. As flowers of different sexes are borne on different plants, care must be taken to have about one male plant to six females, so that sufficient pollen for fertilising the flowers will be available. There are hosts of other trees and shrubs well worth growing for their ornamental fruits; but the foregoing list will, perhaps, be sufficient to bring the subject to the notice of those who have not previously given it serious consideration.

### FLOWERS BY A GARDEN PATH.

THE photograph above shows a long garden path which, passing through an orchard, leads from the flower to the kitchen garden. A year ago the left-hand side of the path was rough and uncultivated ground, growing the pernicious



weeds, Celandine and Goutweed, to perfection. It was rigorously weeded last spring, small plants of *Pulmonaria officinalis* were planted, and now this forms a broad border, gay in early spring with blue and pink blooms and cheerful the summer long with large white-spotted leaves. Among this Lungwort were put in last autumn hundreds of *Narcissus Barri* conspicuus, and these were continued at intervals all along the pathside. To me there is an attraction in long lines of *Narcissi* dancing in the wind, and in some gardens, as here, the formation of the ground and the growth of the trees demand these straight lines. The right-hand side of the walk is edged by the mossy *Saxifraga hypnoides*, fresh and green all the year round and beautiful in late spring when in flower. Kindest of plants to cultivate—for it will thrive either in sun or shade—its increase is rapid; it broadens itself out into great cushions and tufts of moss-like foliage. I may add that two other charming subjects for bordering kitchen garden paths are *Tiarella cordifolia* (Foam-flower) and the ordinary London Pride, both capable, in a more graceful way, of doing duty for Box.

#### HYBRID GLADIOLI.

The present year appears to have been a good one for these handsome flowers of autumn, judging by the excellent examples which have been noticed in various parts of the country. As with most other garden flowers, the hybridist has brought about some remarkable improvements in the Gladioli, and we now have hybrids which embrace all the best characteristics of the various groups. Messrs. Kelway and Sons have for long taken a leading part in this work, and we recently had the pleasure of seeing a few of their newer varieties. Of these two were exceptionally beautiful, these being named respectively Alice Wood and Miss Ada Reeve. The first is a large, pale primrose flower, beautifully tinted apricot and pink, the latter being pure white, with the exception of a few carmine streaks inside the bell-shaped blossom. A very large, deep crimson flower is Dinone,

and another large variety is D. Hastings, the colour of which is soft blush pink. Considering the ease with which these bulbous plants can be grown, and their usefulness at a season when flowers other than those of a yellow hue are far from plentiful in the outdoor garden, these hybrid Gladioli deserve to be more widely cultivated than they are at present. It will soon be time to lift the roots for the winter, no advantage being gained by leaving them outdoors after the foliage has been damaged by frost. The leaves should, however, be retained, and the plants are best tied into small bunches and hung up in a cool but slightly protected place to dry. When fully matured the withered foliage will easily part from the corms, which may then be stored in clean sand or cocoanut fibre refuse until the end of March. A cool position, just free from frost, is the best for storing purposes.

#### SEEDLING PINKS IN THE ROCK GARDEN.

From now onwards during the winter the glaucous green tufts of foliage so characteristic of many members of the Pink family will form a pleasing feature of the rock garden. These plants are admirably adapted for dry situations where many other plants will not thrive, and under such conditions withstand the winter much better than when grown in damper and, to some plants, more favourable places. Where the single garden varieties are grown they will, if allowed to do so, seed freely, and usually a great variety in both form and colour is to be found in the seedlings that spring up round the parent plants. Just now these seedlings will be small, but growing freely, and where it is desired to retain them, care must be taken that they are not uprooted when weeding and other work is being done. If lifted and replanted at once, such seedlings might well be utilised for planting in the crevices of dry walls or other places, but in cold and wet localities such transplanting will be best if left until next spring. In the illustration two kinds of single Pinks are to be seen growing in the rock garden, where their elegant and fragrant flowers are produced in profusion. H.

## THE LONDON SALON OF PHOTOGRAPHY.

**A**N exceedingly interesting and instructive exhibition of examples of camera-craft is at present open at the Bond Street galleries of the Fine Art Society. The promoters of the exhibition have called it the London Salon of Photography, but it must not be confused with previous displays under a similar name, for the parent association, known as the Linked Ring, has undergone the disruptive experience so common to such societies and has split into rival groups. The rivalry will probably be all for the good; and its first symptom—the collection of works at the galleries referred to—has a distinctly healthy appearance.

There can, in fact, be little question that this is the finest, as well as the most comprehensive, show of pictorial photographs ever seen in the metropolis, and its situation, in Bond Street, should bring it under the notice of a large and discriminating public, many of whom have previously had only the vaguest idea of the immense strides which photography has made in recent years.

A note in the catalogue informs visitors that "The object of the London Salon of Photography is to confine its exhibits to those pictures in which individual artistic aim and feeling have found their expression by means of the camera." The



Alex. Keighley.

UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE.

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Leonard Misonne.

## PÂTURE.

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pronouncement is a useful basis for criticism of the works on the walls. These pictures, we are given to understand, are "art"; they are also emphatically photography. Their claim to be the former may long remain in dispute; their claim to be the latter ought to be more easily settled. And it is satisfactory to be able to say, perhaps for the first time for close on a decade of such annual exhibitions, that the medium—photography—is, in most instances, clearly recognisable. Its beauties, no less than its palpable limitations, are here realised. Too often in the past the photographer has seemed to be apeing the mannerisms of other arts; his productions have veiled their origin under a similarity to etchings, wash-drawings or the like, instead of coming boldly forward as photographs and standing or falling by their intrinsically photographic character. It is true that at the London Salon a good many specimens of brush-control are to be found, but their "brushiness," if a word may be coined, is far less blatant than it used to be; indeed, it is often very difficult to detect, and in such a matter the end will always be allowed some claim to justify the means. Is the result of brush-control a beautiful result? Is it, at any rate, more beautiful than it would have been had the photograph not been brush-controlled? These are the questions which no sincere critic can shirk, and if their answer is obviously in the affirmative, then this amalgamation of the camera's drawing with that of the human hand vindicates itself at once.

But passing from the oil-prints and other brush-controlled works to those which have relied on pure photography, it is plain that the latter have qualities which in the former are sadly missing. The fact is, the very substance of the untouched photographic image is exquisite and unique. Could anything be lovelier, in itself, than the infinitely fine deposit upon the surface of a perfect bromide or platinum print? Could this chemical stratum of delicate greys or browns be approached in sheer charm by any daub of lines or tones laid on in ink or crayon or paint by the hand? The reply to such queries is unmistakable. There is no comparison at all between the straight photographic result and any handicraft result. This being the case, there surely ought to be no need for photography to attempt to resemble any clumsier process. It should be sufficient unto itself; it should seek to develop its own peculiar beauties, and base its style—even select its themes—with an eye to the fullest exploitation of those beauties.

Where this idea has been grasped, the results are entirely convincing. A careful scrutiny of the show forces the conclusion that the soundest work to be found in it is also the simplest and most "unfaked." Attention may be drawn to the pictures by Rudolf Dührkoop, a German portraitist of the first rank; Will Cadby, an adherent to the strictest camera technique; F. H. Evans, who is the recognised authority on the platinotype process; E. O. Hoppé; Mrs. Kasebier and Holland Day, American workers; Alexander Keighley; and C. M. Emanuel. These are exhibitors who have put their whole energy into the control of the camera and not relied on any control of a subsequent sort by hand. Their work sets a standard which is nowhere surpassed by the sometimes cleverer and at first glance more striking prints in the pigment processes. Probably the best pigment prints which have hitherto been made are here on view, and there is no denying that some of them are quite splendid; but their texture, their execution, has a coarseness which cannot vie with the subtle tissue of tones in the "real" photographs which hang beside them.

It is well, however, that an exhibition of this sort should embrace all schools; and the London Salon's chief merit is its wise catholicity of selection. The number of exhibitors is very large in proportion to the exhibits, and several new workers of high promise have been discovered by the committee. Few important names, too, are missing, the only seriously regrettable absentee being Baron de Meyer. Four or five photographers whose work has not been seen in London for a long time past have reappeared—the names of Frank Eugene, Holland Day, Yarnall Abbott, Paul Pichier and the brothers Hofmeister may be mentioned—and their pictures should be examined by all British amateurs who desire to understand the diverse lines being followed by independent experimentalists in other countries. For although this is the "London" Salon, its membership is widely cosmopolitan, and a great proportion of the most original and vital work has come from the Continent. A set of Hungarian prints grouped together on a screen forms a curious example of the influence which the source of origin may exercise even in such an apparently non-national matter as camera picture-making. The Hungarian pictures, brilliant and bold, even in some instances flamboyant, have an almost barbaric floridity which oddly distinguishes them from anything evolved in our more reticent homeland.

Of the oil-prints (prints in which the image is formed of oil pigment on a gelatine base) the best are undoubtedly M. Leonard Misonne's "Pâturage" and Mr. F. J. Mortimer's "Evening in the Harbour" and "The Shadow of the Mill." M. Misonne achieves an atmospheric delicacy rarely seen in the oil process, while Mr. Mortimer aims at a more vivid representation. Both these highly skilled workers, however, adhere to the camera's drawing even where they appear to have tampered with its tone-rendering. That straight photography can vie with the finest "oil" is interestingly demonstrated by placing M. Misonne's "Pâturage" side by side with Mr. Alexander Keighley's soft and glowing "Under the Greenwood Tree." The aerial perspective in the latter is at least as delicate as that of the former, and perceptibly less artificial. Mr. A. H. Blake's "The Sphinx" is another fine piece of photography to which that sometimes dubious adjective impressionistic may without hesitation be applied; and "The Stygian Shore," by H. Youel Simmons, proves that imagination can enter into the use of the camera. In short, if the London Salon does not succeed in

College." The colour is shown by these specimens to vary individually from pale tawny to bright yellowish rufous shading into dark brown on the chest, crown of the head and back, with dark tips to many of the hairs on the flanks and limbs. A nearly constant feature is the presence of a large, pale-coloured spot on the nape of the neck. The species is thus shown to be very different in external appearance from the parti-coloured Cuban solenodon, of which a figure, copied from a memoir by Professor Peters, is given on page 636 of Flower and Lydekker's "Study of Mammals." In that figure, however, the tail is represented as bent to the left side of the body; but the Harvard specimens show that this appendage is habitually carried straight, while dissection of the muscles indicates that it cannot be bent laterally to any appreciable extent, except at the tip. In the work cited it is stated that the Cuban and Haytian species are chiefly distinguished by colour and the quality of the fur; but it is now known that there are important structural differences—notably in the number of the vertebrae—and it is accordingly suggested that they are worthy of subgeneric



A. H. Blake.

THE SPHINX.

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proving that photography can be an art, it at least proves that the man behind the camera is often an artist; and if the productions of an artist are not works of art, it is hard to say what else they can be.

WARD MUIR.

### A RARE ANIMAL.

THE museum of Harvard College, Cambridge, U.S.A., recently received from Hayti (San Domingo) several specimens of a rare and remarkable mammal, whose appearance recalls that of a gigantic shrew-mouse, and which belongs, indeed, to the same order as the latter animal, the mole and the hedgehog. The Haytian animal has no English name, but is known in zoology as *Solenodon paradoxus*, and represents a family in the order Insectivora, of which the only other member inhabits Cuba, and is known as *Solenodon cubanus*. Photographs of the living specimens were taken, and have been reproduced in colour in a memoir on the species by Mr. G. M. Allen, published in Vol. XL. of the "Memoirs of the Museum of Comparative Zoology at Harvard

separation. As regards habits, these nocturnal insectivores assume a characteristic pose when feeding, throwing the body backwards, with the full length of the soles of the hind feet applied to the ground, and the strong tail serving as the third leg of a tripod. In this posture one or both of the fore feet can be raised from the ground. In walking the toes only are in contact with the ground, the greater part of the soles of the hind pair being elevated. The Harvard specimens fed greedily on chopped meat, but would also eat lettuce leaves. Usually they appeared peaceful enough, but occasionally one would seize its companion by its long snout and inflict a severe bite. Very rarely they uttered a shrill cry, but they were constantly sniffing with a kind of explosive snort, and they emitted a disagreeable odour, somewhat between that of a goat and that of a porcupine. In size solenodons are about half as big again as a large rat.

Neither the Haytian nor the Cuban species has hitherto, I believe, been exhibited in our own Zoological Gardens, but the galleries of the Natural History Branch of the British Museum contain one specimen of the latter, although the former is still unrepresented in the collection shown to the public. R. L.



F. J. Mortimer.

THE SHADOW OF THE MILL.

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THE soldiers' hospital at Chelsea is one of the most precious of our public buildings. Although it is not so great and splendid as the sailors' hospital at Greenwich, yet it is a most perfect and singularly little-altered example of a civil building designed by Sir Christopher Wren, and executed without modification or delay under his direct supervision. The story of its origin, its founding, its erection and its organisation is among the most interesting pages of our domestic history. As early as the reign of Elizabeth, the principle that the State should look after disabled soldiers was recognised, but very little was done practically in the matter until after the Restoration in 1660. The following year Sir Stephen Fox became Paymaster of the Forces and actively urged the cause of the maimed members of the Army. It was not, however, till long after he had ceased to be Paymaster that he succeeded in getting his scheme adopted. This scheme took the form of obtaining land and erecting buildings for the housing of Army pensioners. The first question was the site, and it was considered that Chelsea, then a country village conveniently near London, would be in every way suitable. Charles II., on regaining the throne, had found an abandoned college and twenty-seven acres

there in possession of the Crown, and had given them to the newly-formed Royal Society, of which John Evelyn and Sir Christopher Wren were original and active members. The Society found no use for the land and were ready to part with it at a reasonable price. We therefore find in Evelyn's Diary, under the year 1681, the following entry: "Sept 14th, Din'd with Sir Stephen Fox, who proposed to me ye purchasing of Chelsea Colledge, which his Ma<sup>y</sup> had some time since given to our Society, and would now purchase it againe to build an hospital or infirmary for souldiers there, in which he desired my assistance as one of the Council of the R. Society." The transaction took place, and additional contiguous land was soon afterwards added, mostly purchased from Lord Cheney, who was the principal Chelsea landowner, and whose name has been retained in more than one of Chelsea's thoroughfares. Two months after the meeting of Evelyn and Sir Stephen Fox, Letters Patent were issued under the Great Seal, declaring the Royal intention of creating a hospital for the relief of such land soldiers as were or might be lame or infirm in the service of the Crown, and endow it with a suitable revenue. In the following February the first stone was laid by the King. Previously to that,



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PORTICO IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NORTH SIDE OF THE CENTRE COURT. "COUNTRY LIFE."



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CARVING BY WILLIAM EMMETT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."





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IN THE GOVERNOR'S STATE DRAWING-ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Sir Stephen, who is described by Evelyn as having "the whole management of this," had asked the diarist "to assist him, and consult what method to cast it in, as to the Government." They worked together in Sir Stephen's study, and framed a scheme of the necessary officials and household, their duties and emoluments, and also regulations for the conduct of the institution, "which was to be in every respect as strict as in any religious convent."

Sir Christopher Wren had accepted the post of architect, and had produced the plans. In May he went in company with Sir Stephen and Evelyn with his "plot and design" to Lambeth to obtain the Archbishop's approbation of them. Until the land was needed it was let out as a farm to Thomas Frankelyn, to whom thirty pounds was paid "in full satisfaction for damage by him sustained in his crop of turnips, in that part of his ground that was laid to the hospitall in the yeares 1682 and 1683."

Such is the story of the beginnings of the hospital as history paints it. To its business-like brush tradition adds some atmosphere. It brings Nell Gwyn upon the scene, and to her warm-hearted pleading of the cause of the sick and wounded it attributes the King's interest in the matter. This poetic mist, unfortunately, is dissipated by the keen light of modern methods of research, and the official historian of the hospital sums up the case by saying: "Part of the tradition can be proved to be fallacious and historical truth seems to require that the whole shall be relegated to the list of so many exploded legends." Sadly and with chastened spirit we must return to the clear-cut outlines of fact.

Soon after the building began, the Earl of Ranelagh became Paymaster, and his name is connected not only with the building and completion of the hospital, but with the history of that part of Chelsea. He was much in favour with William III., who granted

him, in accordance with the rash and improper mode in which that Sovereign squandered the Royal domains until Parliament restrained him, the whole of the eastern portion of the land that had been acquired for the hospital. On this land the Earl built a residence, and it would appear that he employed on its erection and decoration some of the same craftsmen he had under him at the hospital. They were men much employed by Wren. Maurice Emmett was the chief bricklayer here, as he was at Whitehall and at Hampton Court. Thomas Wise and Thomas Hill are master-masons at Chelsea as they are at St. Paul's Cathedral. At both these buildings we also find Charles Hopson, Roger Davis and John Smallwell as master-joiners.

The external materials of the hospital are a purple-brown brick for the walling and a rubbed red brick for the window openings. The coigns and the pedimented centres of the chief elevations are of stone, while the thick green slates of the hipped roof rest on an ample cornice. Internally it is the fine treatment of the woodwork that arrests attention. The staircases are very plain, but are splendid in their amplitude and the easy swing of the ascent. This is greatly to the convenience of the aged and infirmed pensioners lodged in sixteen great wards or galleries, each occupying on different floors half the length of one of the sides of the building,

which forms three courts. Oak is the wood universally used, and there can be no doubt that the whole of the joinery was designed by Wren himself. It is simple and reserved, and very practically adapted to serve the purpose in view. But it is all so good in line and proportion as to be most effective and satisfying in appearance. A row of windows occupies one side of these galleries, and on the opposite side, broken only by a great central fireplace, is a set of cubicles. They are partitioned off in oak wrought in the large dignified panels and the rich and ample cornice mouldings of the period. Each one has, next to its little doorway, a big hinged panel which enables the pensioner to enjoy privacy if it is closed, or to look out on the life and general activity of the ward if he opens it. Here is the account of one of the joiners for his share of the work in these wards and in adjacent premises:

Charles Hopson, joyner, his taske worke wainscoting the second & third galleries in the west wing, viz, xiiij<sup>th</sup>, and for pieces of wainscoting in the great staircase and kitchen pavillion, the great staircase by the pavillion next the Thames, in the west wing, and in the hall, viz, lxij<sup>th</sup> xij<sup>th</sup> iij<sup>th</sup> ob.

Most of this, though fine, is plain joiner's work only; but more ornamental treatment begins with the hall which Hobson wainscoted. In the middle of the north elevation of the centre court and



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IN THE HALL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

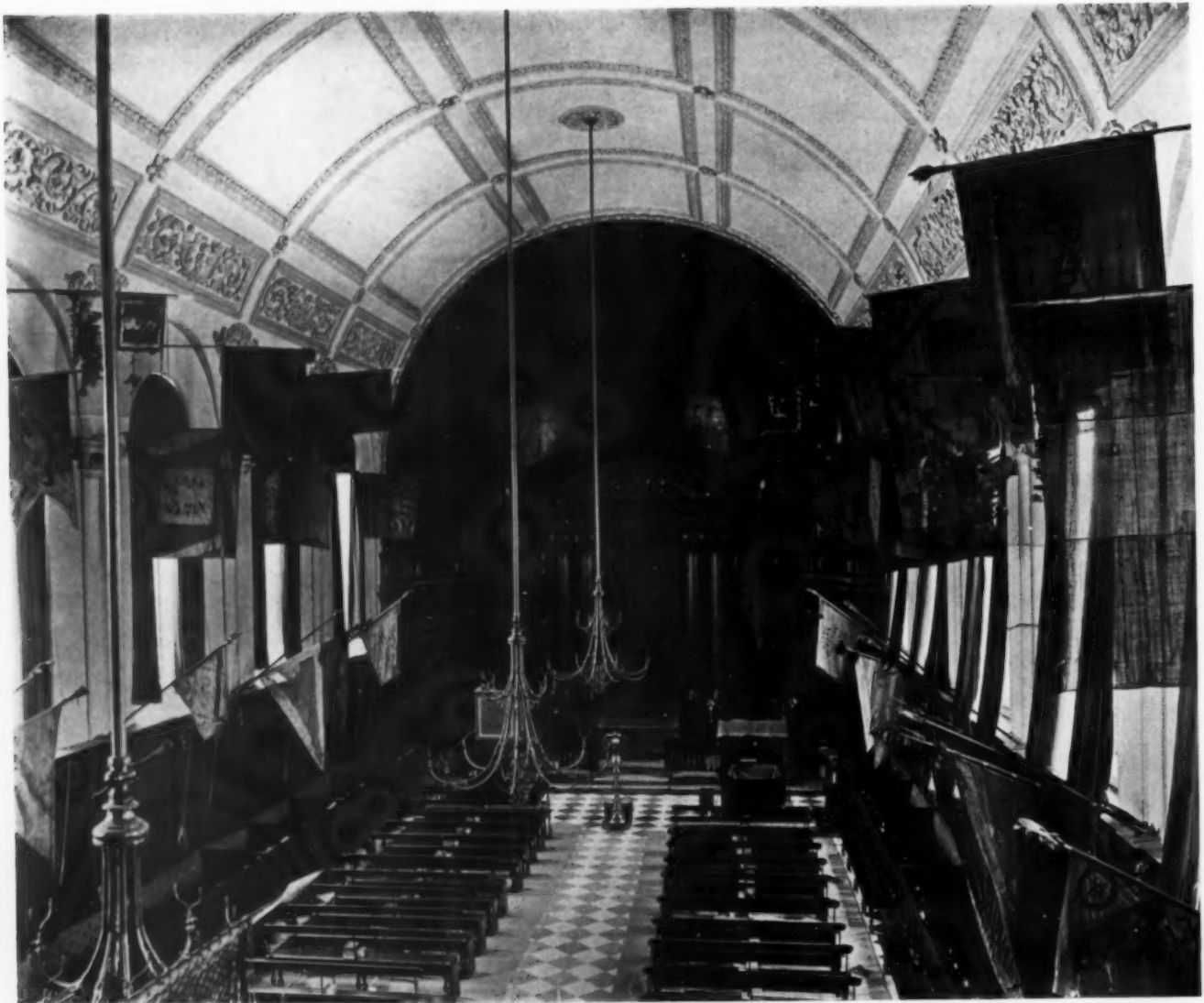




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THE ALTAR GATES.

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THE CHAPEL, LOOKING EAST.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

enclosed under a lofty portico lies a great square vestibule, and right and left of it open out the chapel and the hall, each of which is one hundred and eight feet long and thirty-seven feet wide. The pensioners now mess in their wards, and the hall is their play and reading room. The decorative scheme is dignified but simple. High wainscoting of oak lines the walls. Above this, across the entrance end, runs an oak gallery supported on carved consoles and with enriched mouldings to its panels. In the centre is a carved cartouche containing the Royal arms and surrounded with palm branches. The west, or high table end, is principally occupied by a great fresco painted by Verrio, which, according to the inscription upon it, was given by Lord Ranelagh, although in the hospital accounts there appears the item £210 15s. paid to the artist "on account of painting in y<sup>e</sup> hall." The subject is Charles II. in the same classic dress which he wears in his statue by Grinling Gibbons in the centre of the court, while behind him is seen a presentment of the hospital buildings. The painted area is carried on for some distance along the side walls, where it represents trophies of arms, and the whole is bordered by a representation of a carved and gilt frame. Below it the wainscoting has a moulding beautifully wrought with wreathed oak leaves intermixed with flowers. That is the



Copyright. CUBICLES IN ONE OF THE WARDS. "C.L."

utmost elaboration that the woodwork of the hall reaches; but in the chapel we find carving of great richness and excellence.

We have seen that the charge for the hall wainscoting was included in the account of Charles Hopson, which has been quoted, and which represents work done in 1686. But neither in the accounts of that year nor in those of 1687 does the charge of any joiner appear for wainscoting the chapel. In the latter year, however, John Smallwell, who did so much similar work in St. Paul's choir, sent in an account for over twelve hundred pounds, which seems, by comparison with the accounts of the other joiners, too large a sum for the items mentioned, and it may therefore include the chapel so far as joiner's work is concerned. But as regards those parts of the woodwork that were carved, the entries are perfectly clear, and are as follows:

W<sup>m</sup> Emmett, carver, for carving worke in the hall, councell chamber, in the chappell, making flower potts and other worke.

ccxij<sup>lb</sup>. iiij<sup>s</sup>. iiij<sup>ob</sup>

W<sup>m</sup> Morgan, carver, for the like worke - - clxxv<sup>lb</sup>. iiij<sup>s</sup>. vij<sup>ob</sup>

As in the case of the City Churches, the carving is almost entirely in oak. The east end is entirely occupied by a great altar-piece designed in Wren's best manner, and adequately carried out by the carvers. All the carved parts, such as the Corinthian capitals, the swags of



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THE COLONNADE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."





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FROM THE SOUTH-WEST.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

fruit and drapery in the frieze, the cherubs in the pediment, the baskets and vases containing fruit and flowers placed on the top of the entablature—the "flower pots" of Emmett's bill—will bear comparison with the like objects carved in the same hard wood in Grinling Gibbons's decorative schemes in St. Paul's Cathedral and Hampton Court Chapel. The altar gates are fitted with pierced panels made of lime wood and are particularly fine and successful examples of that style of treatment, which was then much in vogue. The west end of the Chelsea Chapel is occupied by the organ and the singing gallery, of the same fine character and workmanship, if somewhat less elaborate than the

examples at St. Stephen's, Walbrook, and St. Lawrence Jewry. The sides of the chapel are wainscoted up to the window level. The great panels are divided into sections by pilasters, at the top of which cherubims' heads with wings close clustered and erect behind them give a note of distinction to the simple and dignified design. The wainscoting forms the back of a line of pews that runs along each side of the chapel up to where the woodwork of the east end commences.

As regards William Emmett, the chief carver employed at Chelsea, Horace Walpole tells us that he was Master Carver



Copyright.

TALKING OF OLD TIMES.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

to the King, having succeeded his uncle, Henry Phillips, in that office. He became a Liveryman of the Joiners' Company in 1666, and his name appears in the accounts of Windsor, Hampton Court and St. Martin's, Ludgate Hill. In the Chelsea Council Chamber he worked with the joiner who had most to do with the woodwork of the City Churches, including St. Lawrence Jewry, and whose account for work done in 1687 is as follows:

Wm Cheere, joyner, for sevrll parcells of right wainscott in the councell chamber and passage by it in the south east pavilion, wth sevrall other peeces of wainscott, Italian moulding, architrave, and other wainscott of deale, as by his bill appeares—ccxliiij<sup>s</sup>

What was then called the "councell chamber" is now known as the Governor's State Drawing Room. It is a large and beautifully fitted apartment occupying the south-eastern corner of the centre court on the ground floor. There are several carved features in its wainscoting, which is arranged in two tiers, the main cornice, which is at the height of about twelve feet, being surmounted with an attic section finished off with a second cornice. There is some fine carving about the doorway, but, as was usual, the mantel-piece was made the chief decorative point. Unfortunately, the original marble moulding surrounding the chimney opening was replaced in more recent time by a mantel-piece of a different style; but the upper part of the composition is unaltered except that the great panel, which must either have been intended for a picture or to be left in wood, has had a large mirror inserted. As it is two or three times the size of any sheet of glass that was made at the time of the building of the hospital, it strikes a very false note. It is immediately surrounded by a wide oak frame, which deserves particular attention. Such frames, when they were part of an elaborate composition of which festoons were the most prominent sections, generally confined the enrichment of their members to more or less reserved classic motifs, such as the acanthus leaf. But here we find the chief enriched member carved with a succession of little cornucopias, out of which come fruit and flowers. The far-projecting and highly-elaborate festooning, which occupies the space beyond the frame, is composed of warlike trappings gathered together by a swag of drapery passing through rings at the top corners and intermingled with oak and bay leaf wreathing. Arms, armour and musical instruments in great quantity are very cleverly grouped. The whole of this work has at some time received a thin coating of white paint in the same manner as the festoons on the altarpiece of Trinity College Chapel, Oxford. At first sight it appears like lime wood left untouched except by the bleaching action of the sun; but where the paint has been rubbed off, a wood of a yellowish tone and a distinct grain is revealed, evidently a kind of pine. The most salient portions of the carving project about six inches from their background, and the substance is composed of three layers of wood, each about two inches thick. The soldier's dress on the right-hand side is surmounted by a headpiece which bears the initials "J.R." beneath a crown. The same memento of the short reign of the last Stewart King appears on the very fine plaster ceiling. That ceiling was designed with a plain centre, no doubt intended to be filled with an allegorical painting.

This was never done, and late in the eighteenth century it was considered proper to ornament it with rather thin, flat plaster-work, among which the initials "G.R." appear. This Georgian addition no doubt dates from the same time as the mantel-piece alteration; but with these exceptions the room remains as Wren designed it, as Cheere fitted it, and as Emmett and Morgan carved it in the days of James II. On the walls is an interesting series of portraits of Stewart and Hanoverian Sovereigns. The largest of these occupies the whole of the space between the doorways at the north end of the room. It was no doubt



"THE LAST MUSTER."

After the picture by Sir Hubert von Herkomer.

the first to be placed there, and an item in the accounts of 1699-1702 refers to it in the following words:

... Ireton for the picture of King Charles the 1st, and his children sett up in the Councill chamber and for a frame for the same, xlvij<sup>li</sup> vs.

James II., during whose reign the Council Chamber, where we have seen his initials, as well as so many other parts of the hospital were fitted, appears to have taken a very direct and personal interest in the work and urged it on in order that it might be occupied by the intended pensioners. He, therefore, gave many verbal orders to Lord Ranelagh, who had to explain the position fully in a minute to the Lords of the Treasury when he presented his accounts in the following reign. He would not, however, find any difficulty in obtaining payment, for he was, as we have seen already, much favoured by



William III. After his death his house and gardens passed into hands that laid them out for public use, and they became the famous Ranelagh Gardens of the eighteenth century. William III.'s foolish and imprudent gift has needed, in more recent days, the outlay of a large sum in order that the hospital might regain the portion of the ground that it had lost. That was an expense well worth incurring, for no effort should be spared to retain at the Royal Hospital every characteristic that dates from the time of its inception. By a happy chance it has come down to our days almost free from what the flux of fashion labels and re-labels "improvements." It offers, therefore, as much as any building can, a complete picture of its time both ethically and aesthetically, and any tampering with its structure or its details is a real detriment. That is why widespread anxiety has been caused by the rumour that the hospital authorities are proposing to make important alterations in the arrangement of the chapel which will involve changes in the scheme of its woodwork. It is very much to be hoped that this proposal will be dropped, or, at any rate, that its somewhat drastic nature will be very much modified. As at present put forward, it implies the removal of the original pulpit and reading-desk, and also, it would seem, of the most eastward pews against the wall. In their place a new ornamental pulpit and choir-stalls are suggested. The latter must give to the chapel an appearance never dreamt of by Wren. It is idle to defend them by the plea that they "will be copied from Sir Christopher Wren's work in some other church," because in no chapel or even parish church did Wren introduce choir-stalls. The singing gallery was a marked and universal feature of the restored Anglican worship of 1660, and Wren made it an integral part of his ecclesiastical designs, except where, as in the case of St. Paul's, cathedral or collegiate services were intended. To accentuate by new and assertive fixtures the modern fashion of placing the choir is to destroy the spirit of Wren's scheme and to throw the lines of the chapel out of harmony, as it has done in the City Churches, with a very few exceptions, among which St. Mildred, Bread Street, takes an honoured place. As to the condemned furniture, the reading-desk and clerk's seat are representative joinery work of the time, and much more in sympathy with their environment than the eagle lectern now set close by them. A pulpit may not have been intended by Wren. The high pulpits fitted with sounding-boards of his age were not placed in narrow chapels, where they would have so seriously broken the line of the altar-piece which, with its flanking accessories, occupies the whole breadth of the edifice. But the present pulpit, though simple, is very well proportioned and dates from the early days of the use of the chapel. If a craving to follow the habits of to-day renders the descent of the singers from the gallery to the east end imperative, why not continue the simple and easily-remedied device of turning a few of the original benches at right angles to the rest? And if this does not offer enough accommodation, the end pews against the wall might, without any interference, seat additional choristers. Surely nothing more is necessary. Here it is that "such land soldiers as are or shall be old, lame or infirm in the service of the Crowne" have worshipped for two centuries, as Sir Hubert Herkomer saw them worshipping, and has made everyone of us see them worshipping by his great picture of "The Last Muster," of which, through the courtesy of Sir Cuthbert Quilter, a reproduction is here given. May not this one spot remain untouched and enshrined in our memories? But if the restlessness of our age is so irresistible that it must invade the spot, then let three principles rule. First, let the minimum of new work be inserted and the maximum of old work be retained.

Secondly, let everything that is removed be carefully stored and jealously guarded on the premises, so that it may be put back when fashion's pendulum swings. Thirdly, let what is done be under the close superintendence of an architect who is not merely a copyist of Wren's forms, but has caught the bent of Wren's mind and the traditions of Wren's times. Thus, if change must be, it will be both slight and remediable.

H. AVRAY TIPPING.

## A KENTISH MANOR HOUSE.

KNOW an old manor in Kent which is one of the places specially chosen by the seasons for holding their court, for there are few lovelier backgrounds anywhere. Properly speaking it belongs chiefly to Autumn, for it has an autumnal air. Its walls glow with something of an autumn mellowness, and an atmosphere surrounds it common to old places and to that time of the year when Earth looks backward instead of forward, and shy, intruding mists sadden the early morning. It has ripened with age and with fulness of experience. It belongs to a period when buildings symbolised a certain dignity and graciousness of life, and in an age occupied with other matters remains unaltered, a visible and gentle reproach to the futilities of a changing generation.

So it is especially the resting-place of Autumn—that season of memories and half regrets, which is yet strong with a certain cold austerity. Spring is too young to understand it aright, Summer too taken up with her own beauty, Winter too indifferent; yet each passing in turn discloses some new side of its quiet loveliness. May, with white hawthorn piled almost to the walls and sparkling and glinting down the long terraces and across the waters of the moat; July, trailing robes of flame among the roses and burnished peacocks; December, when the house and garden are like a beautiful old face seen in repose; but still chiefly in October, for then the magnificent beech woods, which descend abruptly like a curtain, clothing a steep, grassy hill at the back of the garden, are a thick imperial screen of gold and copper and crimson and fire. Virginia creepers burn along the low walls and the house seems to reflect something of the colour, till it glows as though with the light caught

from a sunset, and with all this fierceness and splendour is the melancholy of declining days—it is like a queen who, shortly to resign her crown, puts on the robes of her royalty for the last time.

Troy, the legend says, was built to music, and, indeed, one may translate most buildings in the terms of the melody of some imaginary instrument. Are there not many houses which might well have been raised to the sound of barrel organs and brass bands? Others one can conceive breaking into battlement and tower to the sound of trumpets; others again springing merrily from green meadows while a shepherd piped on a reed. But this was built to nothing else but the thin, sweet music of a harpsichord—into just such poignant, clear-cut notes would it resolve itself if by some enchantment it were condemned to fade away into sound. It stands a little way off the high road, protected by an avenue of dark trees and a swan-inhabited lake. The village outside is divided into two portions, neither overlapping; each side gazes indifferently at the other, the line dividing Kent and Sussex and an unbridgeable gulf of many generations lying between them. The new,



GRINLING GIBBONS'S STATUE OF CHARLES II.

pompous, aggressive, impertinent, a screaming mass of slates and flaring brick; the old, a long line of little, quiet houses, beautiful in colour and form, built on the hillside and manifestly related to the manor house. So they face each other, the present with its strident voice, the past with its low murmur of eternally pleasant and desirable things.

The stillness of the house and garden is so profound it is almost tangible. Sometimes in moments of unbelievable beauty you feel that the sleeping place is no more than its own image reflected in the drowsy waters of the moat. And the country round is quiet too, the spacious, leisured country of Kent, overburdened almost with its generous loveliness. It sweeps round the house in meadows studded with great trees and hawthorns, and at the back, touching the moat and reached through a portcullis, is the tournament ground, now comfortably at peace, with no ghosts of ardour and adventure to disturb the cattle which browse there through the long, contented days of summer. To drift round the moat in a punt on some hot afternoon is to realise the wish many have felt of stepping inside a picture and exploring what must surely lie beyond the limits of the frame. Each corner turned is a vision of fresh romance, the house from a new point of view, for every side has a different character. From the moat a more intimate and particular charm is revealed, and over the low walls the garden overflows in masses of creeper, gorgeous or subdued, and among them a great vine with its roots in the water spreads tenacious arms along the stone.

Inside, the feeling of unreality diminishes, for the atmosphere is necessarily often fretted with rumours from an incongruous world, which produce a momentary sense of conflict. Yet the owners are so utterly in keeping with the place that they appear to be the only possible owners, and it seems fit that the house and garden shall vanish with them rather than pass into less perfect hands. Everything within—the broad, black oak staircase, the panelled rooms, the deep-set windows—suggests a background for lives occupied with dignified and significant acts, for here a life of hurry and tumult would be as meaningless as a voice shouting vacantly in a great forest only to lose itself in silence. The house has a garment of historical memories, which it wears a little proudly, memories which are almost visible. They are about you everywhere—swarms of gentle ghosts. Everywhere they follow you and whisper to you, weaving a spell, languid and slightly dangerous, since if you are mastered by it too completely it will leave you for ever regretful for a beauty and repose but seldom found.

But it is not everyone who can enter into the heart of a poem or be at ease there. A few souls possess that high, elusive quality which is found in some old houses. Round these also is a moat, and though you may cross it perhaps and receive a kindly welcome, you may never, unless you are in something akin to them, fathom the unconscious secret of their lives. Exquisite, fragile souls, they are like glasses through which an indefinite and alluring past may be guessed at, they carry with them suggestions of forgotten romance and tragedy, they seem to be gazing over the head of a somewhat crude present towards some gracious, passionate existence which is hidden from other eyes. These are the true inhabitants of this remotely dreaming manor and the garden, where peacocks glow like living jewels. It always seems expectant of such guests, and they themselves in any other setting have the appearance of exiles. But, after all, is the house real and the garden and the peacocks? Or is it only an imagination of an age which has not yet quite forgotten how to dream—a phantom which will surely fade when the sun of the new day grows a little more ardent? I often wonder. It will pass perhaps suddenly after all, leaving a peacock's feather where the garden used to be, as children in story books, who have been all night in fairyland, wake up and find clasped within their hands a tiny golden slipper or a ring or a ribbon, some proof of at least the reality of their dream.

MARGARET SACKVILLE.

## WILD COUNTRY LIFE.

LATE NESTING OF THE HERON.

THE heron is perhaps the very first of our birds to commence nesting operations, and for this reason a late brood is somewhat unusual. During a visit a short time ago to a well-known heronry, we were surprised to see a couple of young herons still in the nest. All the other broods had left the district many weeks ago, for the heron nests in March and the young are ready for flight in late June or early July. The couple of youngsters still in the nest were well grown and at our approach crouched low in the nest, and it was only with great difficulty that they could be induced to show themselves. The two parent birds were flying around excitedly and calling incessantly in their harsh grating language. It is a somewhat curious fact that the herons are hardly ever observed carrying food to their youngsters during the hours of daylight—at this particular heronry, at all events—so it would seem that after fishing during the day they return with their catch when darkness has fallen. We have often seen them during the early

hours of the morning crossing from the heronry to a well-known trout stream on the further side of a range of hills, and have seen them winging their way back as dusk was falling.

ON THE GOLDEN EAGLE.

A short time ago we were fortunate in observing some extremely interesting points in the habits of the king of birds. Setting out at daybreak, we reached the vicinity of the eyrie—which contained a fully fledged female eaglet—as the sun was rising, and having concealed ourselves as well as possible, lay in wait for the arrival of the parent birds. After a period of scanning the hillside through the glass, we discovered the male bird—easily distinguished by his smaller size—standing among some long heather on the sky-line, and looking round to right and left with proud and haughty glance. After a time he suddenly rose in the air, and, circling round, was soon met by his mate. She had evidently returned from hunting, but had been unsuccessful. The cock bird appeared to take in the situation at a glance, and set off in the opposite direction, his mate accompanying him until exactly over the burn flowing down the glen, when she sailed back, and the cock continued his flight westward until he disappeared over the sky-line—a mere speck in the distance. The hen bird, having watched his departure, now descended and took up her guard on the identical patch of heather from which her mate had just risen. This changing of guard—as it undoubtedly was—seemed to us watchers to be one of the most wonderful sights in the bird world at which we had the privilege of being spectators. The return of the hen after her unsuccessful expedition, the affection of the cock bird as he hastened to meet her, his determination to succeed where she had failed, and the hen's solicitude in accompanying him so far on his expedition—all these things seemed to us to place the eagle above the plane of blind instinct usually assigned to members of the brute creation. After the cock eagle had set out on his expedition we visited the eyrie, and found the eaglet busily engaged in devouring the remains of a grouse. It soon observed us, however, and began to call plaintively to the parent bird, who was now sailing overhead. Evidently it was eagerly expecting its morning meal, and we made our way from the nesting-ground with all speed, so that when the male bird should return he would be able to go straight to the eyrie. Originally there were two eaglets in the nest, but the cock eagle had taken his departure a few days previously and no traces of him were seen on the present occasion. In all probability he was concealed in the very long heather which abounded in the neighbourhood.

MIGRATION OF GEES.

A curious incident, and one well worth repeating, was told me a short time ago by the stalker at Derry Lodge, in the Forest of Mar. On August 4th, he stated, a flock of wild geese were noted making their way north up Glen Derry, and flying fast and at a great height. The glen is one often chosen by the geese on their spring migration, and apparently after crossing the Cairngorms they call a halt at Loch Mohrlich and Lochan Eilan in Rothiemurchus. But for a flock of geese to be migrating northward in early August seems a very extraordinary occurrence. Could it be that they were hoping to rear a very late brood? It seems well-nigh impossible, and yet with what other object could they be travelling north? Possibly they might have been a detachment sent down from the north to spy out the land, and were returning with their report. This explanation, though improbable at first sight, has, nevertheless, facts to support it. I have myself seen a small body of common gulls make a journey in April to a Highland lochan well on to three thousand feet above the sea, and have seen this same body of gulls returning to the low country, flying at a great height and calling repeatedly among themselves. They were seemingly returning with the tidings that the loch was still deep under ice, and that it was as yet impracticable as a nesting haunt. Might not the geese have been returning with some such similar motives?

THE HERRING-GULL AND ITS HABITS.

In a certain seaside district the farmers are very bitter against the herring-gull. Until a couple of years ago, they say, they regarded him as their friend, but last autumn the gulls, for some reason or another, took it into their heads to sample the barley grain. Apparently finding it most congenial, they thereupon began to feast upon the barley stooks as they stood in the fields, and this year have been repeating their evil practices. Curiously enough, they do not touch the oats, but must do a considerable amount of damage to the barley crop. The farmers admit that, notwithstanding these misdeeds, the gulls do a great amount of good in the earlier part of the season by eating numbers of the grub of the harmful daddy-long-legs fly, which, if left undisturbed, often ruins a field of oats by preying on the young plants at a tender and critical stage of their career.

AN EARLY RUTTING SEASON.

As early as the first week in September stags were heard roaring in a certain Scottish forest, and the stalker who gave me the information stated that this was about the earliest date on which he had heard them during the whole of his experience. Certainly it is very much earlier than one would naturally expect, but the weather latterly has been of a distinctly autumnal type. During the day the sun has usually shone with great power, but at night the atmosphere has been exceedingly cold, with frost on several occasions. On some of the more outlying forests the stags are not yet clear of velvet, though, as a general rule, the stalking season is in full swing, and very excellent results have been obtained.

THE EFFECTS OF SNOW ON VEGETATION.

A few days ago (September 11th) we visited a certain corrie in the Cairngorm Mountains, where the snow lingers till late in the autumn. As a matter of fact, last season the field never completely disappeared, and the preceding season it was early October before the last traces of it vanished. At the time of our visit the field from a distance looked very diminutive, but we found it to be some seventeen yards long by twelve yards broad. Its depth was inconsiderable—perhaps some two feet—but it was composed of ice rather than snow, and at one point we imagined we could distinguish the snow of 1909 from that of 1910. It is very remarkable that the field should be able to withstand the heat of the summer weather, for the sun shines full on the corrie till well on in the afternoon, and the atmosphere in the vicinity is usually warm and genial. During the winter weather the snow is drifted over an extensive plateau by strong gales from the north and north-west, and is blown into the "snowy corrie," where it attains an immense depth. It is also packed very hard, and it is probably this fact which causes it to withstand the sun's rays throughout the summer months. The day on which we visited the field was dull and misty, but as we approached the snow the vegetation enabled us to know with certainty that the field must be in close proximity. That charming mountain saxifrage, *Saxifraga stellaris*, was opening its white flowers in great abundance, and was flowering just as luxuriantly as its more fortunate relatives did in June and July. Banks of



parsley fern, too, were commencing to grow, and were in all stages of development. Those some distance from the field were fully matured and were already turning a rusty brown. Others, again, were in the full vigour of growth, and where the snow had but recently melted the ferns had only pushed their way an inch or two above ground, their foliage being of the most delicate green.

Where the snow had melted only a few days before no plant-life was visible except various moss plants, and these extended right up to the edge of the field. We moved several boulders from the field, and found a solid sheet of clear ice lining the ground. Evidently the melted snow on reaching the deeper parts of the wreath had become refrozen, with curious effect. SETON GORDON.

## THE BIG GAME OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.

By WARBURTON PIKE.



*OVIS DALLI* (RECORD).



*OVIS STONEI* (RECORD).



*OVIS CANADENSIS* (RECORD).

IN sending a collection of hunting trophies killed within her own borders to the First International Exhibition of Field Sports at Vienna, the Province of British Columbia set an example which might well have been followed by the Governments of the other Colonies of the British Empire, which occupy so much space on the map, and support so many varieties of the great animals of the world. Unfortunately, none of the other Colonies took any notice of the appeal from the Austrian sportsmen, asking that everything might be done to make the exhibition thoroughly representative of sport throughout the world. Even the Dominion Government of Canada, usually ready enough to display its wares in the hope of attracting the population needful for the development of a great country, missed this opportunity of showing to advantage one of its greatest assets, and was content to leave the burden to one of the younger provinces, ably assisted by the enterprising Canadian Pacific Railway Company.

Colonial specimens, excellent of their kind but not sufficiently comprehensive, were exhibited in the British Empire Building; but a complete collection of the game animals from each Colony, set out in the fascinating manner of many of the European exhibits, would have been both instructive and impressive. The suggestion of sending such an exhibit at once found favour with the sportsmen of British Columbia, a land of great area and small population, where the game animals are looked

upon as one of the necessities of life; and there is much talk about the size of horns carried by sheep or deer or caribou, in the isolated farming and mining districts cut off from civilisation by rough mountain ranges which should afford shelter for the game for many years to come. It seemed to be a good opportunity for settling disputed points in the discussion of hunting trophies, of sifting the truth from the mass of exaggeration so beloved of the Westerner, and for the establishment of rules and standards of measurement of Canadian trophies, such as are carefully laid down for the guidance of sportsmen with regard to the European animals. There would be no need in future to give heed to the story of some "Coyote Jack" or "Windy Ike," of a caribou head with three ploughs, exceeding everything that had ever been dreamt of, or a sheep's head with horns the size of a man's waist with a double curl like a Merino ram's. These heads were always said to be too big to carry out of the woods, and were nailed to a tree on the bank of some unnamed creek, but henceforth they must be brought out and submitted to the judgment of the tape before even the newcomer will give credence to the tale. The sight of a gold medal, the first prize at Vienna, 1910, for the mule-deer class, hanging on a pair of antlers in an unpretentious log-cabin half buried in a snowdrift, will make

mere talking of little value; let the doubter bring in a better head, and the inhabitants of the lonely valley, who depend mainly on the mule-deer for their winter's meat, and are sound judges on the subject, will be



*CARIBOU* (BRITISH COLUMBIA). RECORD FOR BRITISH COLUMBIA.

MR. HULL'S MULE-DEER.



ready enough to give him full credit for his prowess. It was no easy matter within a limited time to gather a representative collection from a country so large that extreme variations of latitude and climate show marked effect on the animals in coloration and type of horn growth, and to indicate clearly the gradation from one type to another as the temperate region of the coast and the southern boundary-line of the Province are left behind and an approach is made to the main range of the Rocky Mountains or the inhospitable plateaux and isolated groups of mountains lying within a few degrees of the Arctic Circle. As many as possible of these different types have been gathered together; but except in the case of the mountain sheep there is still much to be desired on this point. A comparative examination of the sheep's heads taken from the smaller ranges to the westward of the Rockies, from the main range itself and from the northern limits of the Province, where the *Ovis montana* merges into the *Ovis stonei* and finally into the pure white *Ovis dalli*, will show how great a field is left for accurate scientific study, even in the natural history of animals that have been known to hunters since the first settlement of Western America. This point will be readily seen by an examination of the three



MR. DEWDNEY'S MULE-DEER.

photographs showing the three main divisions of the sheep family in British Columbia.

With the aid of numerous sportsmen, who lent their best trophies willingly, the Provincial Government has been able to make an exhibit of all the larger game animals sought after by the hunter; but time and financial considerations would not admit of a display of all the lesser fur-bearing animals and birds, together with the snares and weapons of a bygone age, such as may be seen in some of the European buildings at Vienna, where an effort has been made to show the poetical and romantic side of sport as well as the bare details of skins and horns.

Perhaps the most interesting animal in the British Columbian exhibit is the first specimen of *Ursus kermodei* to arrive in Europe. This small white bear has so far been found only in that part of the coast range of mountains which lies immediately south of the Skeena River and on the adjacent islands known as Gribbell and Princess Royal Islands, and perhaps a dozen specimens in all are to be seen in the museums of North America. It has lately been classified by

American naturalists as an entirely distinct species of bear; but there is still no record of any white man having seen this animal in the flesh, although now and then an Indian brings in a skin to one of the small trading posts at the mouth of the Skeena. The country it inhabits is rough in the extreme, with high precipitous



BRITISH COLUMBIAN CARIBOU.

mountains rising straight out of the sea, covered with dense forest growth wherever vegetation can find a gentler slope to cling to. Travel is impeded by underbrush and the fallen timber of centuries, rotting in a climate of almost perpetual rainfall. In such surroundings a man physically sound and possessed of much patience may seek the honour of being the first white man to kill a specimen of this bear.

This coast range of mountains also contains an abundance of black and grizzly bear, to be found in the spring on the open slides, where the young grass first begins to show green at the foot of the snowdrifts, and in the late autumn along the small creeks where the salmon crowd to spawn, and afford an abundant food supply for the bear before they hole up for their long winter's sleep. Here, too, the quaint mountain goat and the little black-tailed deer are more numerous than in any part of the Province, quite sufficiently protected by the inaccessible nature of this forbidding range of mountains, a thousand miles in length and a hundred miles in width, mostly unexplored, and practically impenetrable to any distance from salt water or the lower navigable stretches of the in-coming streams.

The white man in his motor-boat and the Indian in his canoe may harry the outskirts of this district; but until the perfection of the aeroplane the game in the middle of the coast range is absolutely safe from its worst enemy. When man really learns to fly as easily as he can pull a boat, the mountains will hold no more secrets and nothing can save the game from extinction less than a total upsetting of the modern Tower of Babel.

Passing to the animals that inhabit the interior of the Province, thriving best in the cold, dry climate of the country lying

GRIBBELL ISLAND WHITE BEAR (*URSUS KERMODEI*).

between the coast range and the Rockies, we find all the larger members of the deer family represented—the moose, the caribou, the mule-deer and the wapiti. The moose has been increasing rapidly in numbers and spreading more to the westward, in spite of the influx of civilisation, which has really hardly affected the northern part of the Province where the moose is most abundant. Occasionally a small find of placer gold is discovered, and heavy toll is demanded from the moose for a few years in the neighbourhood of the mining camp; but the excitement soon passes and the animals are again left to increase and multiply. The horns carried by the moose of British Columbia do not compare favourably in size with the great antlers that are found commonly on the Kenai Peninsula in Alaska, the only place where the moose approaches close to the salt water and obtains an abundance of food at all seasons of the year, with the advantage of a mild climate in which to develop a perfect physical growth. On the other hand, the caribou is found at its best in the northern part of British Columbia, where its great

illustrate the fact that this peculiar growth is not so rare as is usually supposed. The mule-deer was formerly very abundant in the bunch-grass districts of Okanagan Similkameen and Lilloet; just the country that was, of course, most eagerly taken up by the first settlers, with disastrous results to all wild life.

For many years the slaughter of the mule-deer was carried on with enthusiasm not only for the necessary meat, but for hides, which were shipped across the border in immense quantities. The institution of game laws has always been unpopular in the first stages of development of new districts in the West. It is distrusted as an attempt to interfere with the rights of the subject, and an introduction of hated European methods of preserving the right of killing game for the rich man. Fortunately, the Government has been very firm on this point, and a better feeling has gradually grown up in the outlying districts where game laws are most difficult to enforce. The mule-deer are now holding their own, but so much of their favourite



GROUP OF HEADS SHOWN IN THE BRITISH COLUMBIAN EXHIBIT, VIENNA.

size has earned for it the rank of a sub-species under the name of *Rangifer osborni*.

A great variation of horn-growth exists even in the same district, as may be seen by a glance at the three photographs of caribou heads here given, all probably of about equal weight, but showing a wide difference in length, shape and the number of points. The caribou is one of the commonest animals of the Province, being found on suitable ranges from the United States border to the northern boundary in the sixtieth parallel of north latitude and far beyond, till the mountain ranges run down into the tundra that skirts the edge of the Behring Sea. The two remarkable mule-deer heads shown in the photographs are exaggerated types of the bushy semi-palmated horn-growth not unusual in the case of this animal. The "Dewdney" head, with which all Western sportsmen have been familiar for many years, was regarded in Vienna as an "abnormity"—a nicer word than the American "freak"—and consequently did not meet with much favour among the Austrians, who are lovers of massive and regular antlers. Both heads are shown here to

country has been taken up by farmers and fruit-growers that they can never again be really plentiful; their preference for an open grassy country must always count against them, for such country grows more in demand every year as new settlers come in. The wapiti is also increasing in the Kootenay district, where a close time has been observed for some years, with good results. On Vancouver Island, the only other part of the Province in which this animal exists, it has been found necessary to stop all killing in the southern part of the island for the next few years. In the dense willow-brush along many of the streams of the mainland the white-tailed deer is still to be found, but nowhere is really numerous, possibly on account of its being such an easy prey for panthers and wolves, which flourish in spite of the heavy Government bounty on their heads.

The photograph of the group of heads shows the British Columbian entries for the competitive Exhibition of Trophies held in the Trophy Hall at Vienna during the month of June. These trophies are, of course, the pick of the collection, every head in the group being a prize-winner.

## LITERATURE.

### A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

**I**N the opinion of the present writer, Mr. Edward Lucas has never done anything quite so clever and so consistently amusing as his new novel, *Mr. Ingleside* (Methuen). Be it remarked at once, however, that we do not commend it as a story. Such plot as it possesses is so random and desultory that anybody might have produced it. The book is rather a collection of episodes of which Mr. Ingleside is the central figure. He is about fifty years of age, of a cultivated mind, a temperament that may be described as of the kindly ironic, and he is rapidly attaining to the placidity of emotion which the age of fifty brings. We come upon him at the beginning separated from his family, his wife being away travelling and his daughters at school. To cheer his loneliness he brings one of his girls to his rooms at the foot of Buckingham Street, and the endeavours of this young lady to find employment furnish Mr. Lucas with

abundant opportunities for the exercise of his gift of satire. There is no need for her to earn money, as her father is in comfortable circumstances and only too happy and willing for her to be his companion; but the infection of feminine independence is in the air and it induces her to seek for a useful vocation. In the odd pursuits of women there are characters to match. The first that catches the attention of Ann Ingleside is described in the following advertisement:

TO LOVERS OF DOGS.—A refined and entertaining home is offered to a lady who will help in looking after pedigree dogs. XX., Office of this paper.

Her journey to investigate the character of this employment ends in the discovery of a family that would have done no discredit to Dickens in his palmiest days. It consists of two ladies who are engaged in breeding "toy poms, schipperkes, Japanese spaniels and Yorkshire terriers," and a red-faced half-pay Major whose burden is "More like insects than dogs, I call them. My idea of a dog is a bloodhound or a Great



Dane. Insects!" The best passage is that in which the sister describes the delights of going about to exhibitions:

"Think of the pleasant travelling about and the excitement of the shows. Very often they're opened by Royalty, you know; and the very best people compete. Our little Sigurd, who's already won eighteen firsts—darling Sigurd!"—she picked up a tiny spaniel and crushed it against her face, "when we were at Sevenoaks had the next cage to the Princess Schwallenstein's pet pom, and she and I became exceedingly friendly. A most delightful creature. I say again, as I have said before, that dog-fancying can bring one the most charming acquaintances in the world—apart altogether from profit. You remember, Amy dear, how nice the Duchess was when she wanted Iscalt to be her little Kitchener's wee wife? Could anyone have been more affable or more considerate? I assure you I have always looked forward to the shows with the keenest anticipation."

It was a pity to waste such material, and we were disappointed at not being brought more frequently into contact with these characters. The reader is abruptly transported to other scenes and introduced to a different atmosphere. He is invited to form one of a little company who are examining a book called "A Thousand Notable Things," which an artist has got for two-pence at a second-hand bookstall. There are many astonishing recipes in it. The reader is told, "If you would kill snakes and adders strike them with a radish." A cure for pain in the stomach is to "Put thirty white peppercorns in your mouth and drive them down with beer." In this context "drive" is indeed a good word. The most amusing, however, is the following advice to "curb the rover":

If the ears of cats be cropped or cut off, it will make them keep at home better, for then the water (which they cannot abide) will drop into their ears, being open.

To return to Ann: her next essay towards finding employment is to visit her father's cousin, Rachel Muirhead, who has offered to take her into her house and teach her gardening. Mr. Lucas is all alive when it comes to poking fun at the lady gardener and, indeed, at the fashion for gardening generally. He shows us typical clients of Miss Muirhead's, the most amusing of whom is Mr. Thayer, a wealthy American, who puts his case in the following words:

"Now, see here, Miss Muirhead," he said, "I've bought a house in Surrey—Marltye Grange. It's a Toodor house, and I want a Toodor garden. I don't mind what it costs, but it's got to be ready for me when I come back next summer. You've got a year, say! Will you do it?"

"What is the size?" Miss Muirhead asked.

"Just what you like: what it ought to be," said Mr. Thayer. "You can take in as much of the surroundings as you want. It's all mine. I want a Toodor garden of the same size as would go with a Toodor house in Toodor times; and I want to leave it to you. But I don't want to see a grass-blade in it before it's good and ready. Here are six blank cheques already signed: fill them up as you want them. Don't write to me. Just go ahead. If there's any difficulty, settle it as if it were your own house. Is that fixed?"

Miss Ingleside does not care about this kind of work, and her next investigation is about a shop of antiquities. But gradually she drifts to that refuge of her kind—typewriting. She goes as a pupil to a Miss Beautiman, and this gives the author an opportunity for glancing at this curious phase of modern life. It is indeed curious; an intelligent, thoughtful girl is sent out on an emergency to anyone who may apply for an amanuensis, and the consequence is that she is, as it were, allowed to read very brief chapters in the lives of those to whom she is sent, and then is whisked away without knowing anything more about them. Her curiosity is stirred by the story, but it is not given to her to know the sequel. Very cleverly described these incidents are, but many of our readers will be more interested in the chapter "In which an evening is spent among curiosities, autographs and oysters." The house belongs to Dr. Stammer, who among other things possesses autograph letters from Charles Lamb to Martin Burney. We feel inclined to skip a great deal and to read this chapter and pass on to another, "In which aid is forthcoming for a house lacking a motto." The house is that of the American millionaire. Old mottoes are passed in review and some that are new are suggested, this for example:

This edifice of wood and stone,  
Since mine the cost, is called my own;  
But you who shelter here, no less  
My house and all it holds possess.

Some objection is made to it:

"Never mind, Christie, give us some more," said Leslie.

"I've only one other," said Christie, "yet—

The fire's alight; at eight we dine:

Come in good friend, and choose your wine.

I wrote that as a counterblast to the lady who was so keen about us wiping our boots."

"I tried too," said Dr. Stammer. "I wrote this:

Madam, this trifling mud forget;

But—have you warmed the claret yet?"

The next thing is to get a sundial motto for the millionaire, and the sadness of these legends supplies Mr. Lucas with much

food for reflection. The only cheerful one which he can think of is:

'Tis always morning somewhere in the world.

But, as a rule, the melancholy sundial motto prevails. As one of the characters says, it "positively makes one creep" to be reminded every day that:

It is later than you think.

There is an original one adopted for the sundial:

"I have done one too," said Mr. Ingleside.

"Thou com'st to me to learn the hours?"

Ah, foolish one,

Leave time alone,

And happy be among the flowers."

"I like that," said Leslie. "I shall adopt that for the sundial, whatever happens."

#### THE LATER TOLSTOY.

**The Life of Tolstoy—Later Years**, by Aylmer Maude. (Constable.)

IN his later days Tolstoy has abandoned the pursuit of art to become a preacher, moralist and reformer. The transition adds to the picturesqueness of the most striking literary figure in Europe. He remains even in patriarchal years a stark man who, merely by being true to his own unschooled nature, has emerged from the crowd and become an arresting personality. Everybody must admit as much as this. But admiration must be tempered by dissent as soon as his opinions are examined, especially when they are seen through the medium of the present biographer, Mr. Aylmer Maude, an extremely interesting but most argumentative disciple, who is continually stopping his narrative to admonish, correct, or contradict his master. And probably nine times out of ten the reader will find himself at issue both with the text and the commentator. We agree with Mr. Maude, however, when he says that Tolstoy, while sweeping away the superstitions of others, sets up superstitions of his own. He calls them the "principles" of Non-resistance, No-Government, No-Human-Law and No-Property. But when in 1891 he renounced his copyrights and divided his property among his family, he at least gave proof of sincerity. He was not, like some of our English Socialists, in the habit of preaching the virtues of poverty while revelling in luxury. We were amused to read his criticism of the picture Gay painted in 1890 and called "What is Truth?" Although the arm is obviously out of drawing in the figure of "jesting Pilate, who would not wait for an answer," he finds in its well-fed proportions all the pettiness and smallness of soul that imagination could read into it. He failed to see the weakness of the other figure. Gay seems to have induced some fad-mongering, opinionated Socialist to sit as a model of Him Who was "acquainted with grief." But the moralist in Tolstoy has long ago swallowed the artist. While saying so it is a plain duty to acknowledge the infinite service Tolstoy has rendered to Russia. He was able to do so with all the greater effect because he is now what he was at birth, an aristocrat, who, temporarily at least, has much to lose and nothing to gain by inducing his countrymen to throw aside their old servile habits of body and mind and look at life and its phenomena with the frank and equal gaze of those who claim a heritage of Freedom. His beliefs are crude and ill-formed, but he has lived a strenuous, awakening life, and his personality is likely to be remembered long after his works are forgotten.

#### SPORT IN THE INDIAN JUNGLE.

**Jungle By-Ways in India: Leaves from the Note-book of a Sportsman and a Naturalist**, by E. P. Stebbing. Illustrated. (John Lane.)

ONE would naturally expect that Forest Officers in India have the best and most frequent opportunities for becoming mighty hunters. And this is certainly very often the case, though among Forest Officers themselves the personal luck about shikar, and even the desire fed by opportunity, vary greatly in the different provinces to which young officers may be sent on joining the Service. Mr. Stebbing seems to have been singularly fortunate, both in this respect and also in later on having a roving appointment, which frequently enabled him to tour about the narrow valleys skirting the southern base of the Himalayas and the famous shooting-grounds in the Central Provinces, without reckoning less frequent visits to all the outlying parts of the Indian Empire, such as Baluchistan, Eastern Bengal and Burma. Mr. Stebbing's book gives a sketch of his prowess and success as a shikari during sixteen years' service in the Forest Department; and it forms a rich and varied record of sport concerned chiefly with big game. The contents are divided into three parts, entitled "Antlers," "Horns" and "Pelts," to each of which five or six chapters are allotted. Those grouped under "Antlers" describe the different kinds of Indian deer and their habits—sambar, barasingha, chital, etc. The "Horns" part contains three stirring chapters on bison, while other two deal with black buck, nilgai, chinkara and other antelopes. The last hundred pages of the book, treating of "Pelts," devotes two interesting chapters to tigers and one chapter each to leopards and bears, while the last chapter of all winds up with hyæna, jackal and wild dogs. The book is well got up, and is well illustrated with pen-and-ink sketches and photographs. The sketches include a complete series of the footprints found in the track of the different animals described; and these, as also the notes on the peculiarities and habits of the various kinds of big game, will be of especial interest and value to novices in Indian shikar, while a satisfactory index increases this value. But what can hardly fail to astonish an old jungle-wallah is that Mr. Stebbing never seems to have had a dog with him; at any rate, he never mentions that best friend of the lonely Forest Officer. Most of the book is written in an easy, unaffected style; and, though it records a great deal of slaying, yet there are passages here and there that strike a higher note. Of all the Indian fauna, snakes are infinitely more dangerous to Forest Officers than all the different kinds of big game taken together, and many a Forest Officer has shot hundreds of cobras and other venomous snakes who have never seen either a tiger or a leopard in the jungle.

J. NISBET.

#### A NEWCOMER.

**The Day's Play**, by A. A. Milne. (Methuen.)

MANY of us laughing over the contributions of "A. A. M." to *Punch* have wondered what name these initials might cover, and, behold, the unspoken question is answered in his book, where are printed the scintillations of "A. A. M." The volume is instinct with high spirits and fun and gaiety and youth. We do not altogether like the idea of one who is evidently fighting his



way in journalism publishing so quickly. The earlier writers in our contemporary were very well content to be anonymous in their first appearance and to wait for book publication until there was a demand for it. On the other hand, the book is so clever and amusing that we are more than inclined to pardon this departure from the ancient practice. A great deal of it is about cricket and other games, and whatever the writer touches he illumines with his wit. In his dedication he acknowledges a debt of gratitude to Mr. R. C. Lehmann, who could scarcely have had a worthier pupil.

#### THE BROTHERHOOD OF THE BRAVE.

**Sport of Gods**, by H. Vaughan-Sawyer. (Mills and Boon.)

A FINER fighting story than this has not appeared for many a long day. If, as we believe, it is Mr. Vaughan-Sawyer's first book, it is not upon a promise but a performance that he is to be congratulated. He knows real India, real soldiering, real men; and out of his intimate knowledge of all three he has woven a moving and convincing romance. Captain James Brown is an Englishman of the finest type—exceedingly simple and unaggressive, sensitive to a fault, and brave, as a matter of course, after the fashion of an English gentleman. This captain of Sikhs loves his men; and chief among those who love him in return is the drill-havildar, Hukum Singh. Between these two exists the bond sung of by Henry Newbolt—"the brotherhood. That binds the brave of all the earth." Brown, going home on leave, meets May Norman. She is an aristocrat, the product of a class and life inaccessible to him. She loves him, but she cannot face, nor her people for her, the life of exile and poverty that is all he can offer her; and thus the tragedy begins. He goes away, to try and win for himself, in some lucky chance of personal distinction, a position nearer her own; and he does get his chance, in a frontier expedition. It is the havildar who gives it him. He takes it with magnificent success, but in its execution the havildar is left behind, wounded, in a grove full of Pathans, and Brown hears his cry of despair, "Sahib, oh, Sahib." To return is certain and useless death, but Brown wheels for the grove, and his brother-officer holds him back only by one appeal, the appeal to the memory of the woman he is fighting for. From that moment his life is a horror. Rightly or wrongly, he believes himself to have been a coward, and the belief is more than he can stand. It brings him to the verge of insanity. He hears the havildar calling again and again. He tries to fling off what he himself thinks is a delusion, and to take the rewards he has so hardly won; but he tries in vain. How the whole strange tale works out the reader must go to the book to see. It points to no conclusion. It may have been sunstroke or madness or delusion or anything else you please; but you are forced to the belief that the agonised spirit of the Sahib somehow did reach the man he had deserted and bring him back to safety—for Hukum Singh was not dead. After all the mawkish, half-baked books one reads about India this one is a relief. It enforces no theory and points no moral, unless it be the eternal falseness of that estimate of life which will not face poverty, for it was the woman's cowardice that brought about the man's. But to those who care to read of courage and honour and the love of man for man—a far more romantic thing than the love of man for woman—this exceedingly fine story may be unreservedly recommended.

#### A CALIFORNIAN ROMANCE.

**The Heart of Desire**, by Elizabeth Dejeans. (Lippincott.)

THE story, told with equal grace and sincerity, of a young and unhappy woman, whose troubles are unable to do anything but deepen and sweeten her character. It opens with her despairing escape from the man who has wrecked her life, whereby she comes into instant contact with the man who is to save it. Both these men are ably indicated—the hero in the real force and helpless passion of his pursuit of Kate, the villain in the odd, malicious ease with which he exploits her, an ease that indicates the mental twist of a born criminal and makes more credible the tale of his unmitigated wickednesses. Fifteen years is perhaps rather a long time for a man to remember and keep faithful to a woman whom he has only met on a railway journey, even though it be one of the interminable railway journeys of America; but the circumstances in which Horton meets Kate and the half insight he gets into her situation leave him with that sense of an unfinished and exciting business, and of a possibility, still a possibility, which would certainly keep interest alive far longer than could its satisfaction. The scene is laid in Los Angeles and the Californian coast, a country of the beauty of which Mrs. Dejeans has already availed herself in other books. She does so here again with complete success.

#### "PERSONALLY CONDUCTED."

**The Amazing Mutes**, by Ward Muir. (Stanley Paul and Co.)

THIS is a tale designed to show that if one wishes to find husbands and wives really worth marrying, and to make friends really worth making, one should instantly purchase a cheap tour ticket of the Mutual Improvement Touring Association, or its equivalent in real life, and depart to Switzerland with butlers, typists, City clerks and shopkeepers. Above all, one should eschew the society of the titled and the rich, who are invariably stiff, cold, dull and stupid. But it would be breaking a butterfly on a wheel to look for a definite intent to show anything in this half-hour of not unamusing fooling, from which we may extract all the diversion and none of the distastefulness of the "cheap tour" types—from Pomfret, the butler, who is the one character with the faintest trace of dignity and self-respect, to "the weedy youth," the curly young woman who is in love with him, and Mr. Briggs, the shopkeeper. The hero, by the way, who is represented as a well-connected gentleman, is also represented as romping, colliding, caracoling and cake-walking in the dining-room of a Continental hotel in his admirable efforts, wherein he is supported by his sweetheart, the typist, to make things "go" for the cheap-trippers; but it all ends happily, and for the democrat triumphantly.

#### THE MAFIA.

**Into the Night**, by Frances Nimmo Greene. (Methuen.)

MISS GREENE had an inspiration when she determined to weave a murder and detective story round the Mafia. It makes a basis so strong for the events she bases on it that no reader can say of them "Could this be true?" Nothing is too dreadful to be true of this secret society of Italy. Its crimes and its intrigues have stretched out into all lands and touched all ranks, and only recently there was in the daily papers the account of the ghastly murder of a whole family which was ascribed to the machinations of the "Black Hand." In America, whither the lower-class Italians have emigrated in such numbers, its strength, its unshaken loyalty and secrecy and success have been, and are, one of the problems of society. Miss Greene's story deals with the mystery of

the disappearance of a prominent and beloved New Orleans citizen, a man without enemies, known for his charities. Through the whole book the trackers, urged by the despairing son and daughter, hunt down the criminals, and not till the last chapter does the truth emerge. The search closes round the wrong man; the net is about his feet, the evidence is damning, and then, and not till then, does the girl Zoe, adopted daughter of the vanished man, break down under the strain and confess. She is a daughter of the Mafia herself. In her patron's own household are his enemies, and it is she who, torn by love and jealousy, has delivered him over to the Italians who desire his death because of the secrets of the Mafia which he is known to possess. She does her utmost afterwards to save him, but in vain, and she pays for her failure with her life. Not only Miss Greene's plot but her characters are good. They are not the usual puppets of a detective story. They are flesh and blood, sharply characterised; so that the reader has that real interest in the things that happen which can only be felt when they happen to real people. It is a story which, in its description of the conflict of race, touches the heights of sorrow and not merely those of horror.

#### COUNTRY PICTURES.

**Through Welsh Doorways**, by Jeannette Marks. (Fisher Unwin.)

THESE are admittedly tales of sentiment—slight, and inclining a little too much at times, perhaps, towards the purely sentimental. These quaint, old Welsh folk have no sense of humour, and the smile they rouse is never shared by them. But though the book lacks wit and fire, it is written with sympathy and tenderness, and with a gentle appreciation of the amusing limitations of its heroes and heroines. "Mors Triumphans," which tells of the eager efforts of two sick old women to be the first to die and use the new hearse, is the most humorous of the tales. "The Merry, Merry Cuckoo" is the most unrelievedly sentimental. The author should remember that it is pathos that should glance for a second through humour, and not humour for a second through pathos! "Respiec Finem" is the best. It has the most spirit. All the little stories are amateurish, but they show promise. The illustrations are distinctly good.

#### WEST v. EAST.

**The Silent Call**, by Edwin Milton Royle. (Harpers.)

THERE are two main themes in this novel, and one is worked out with skill and conviction. It touches the difficult problem of how best to deal with a subject and so-called "savage" race, and it is illustrated by the figure of Wah-na-gi, a beautiful Indian girl who has been "educated." The tragic result of that education is best expressed in her own words. "I am not an Indian to the Indians nor a white woman to the whites." The second theme fails. It is expressed in an exaggerated and ignorant indictment of what Mr. Royle calls "Society." The intended contrast of English London life with the manly and noble freedom of the life "out West" does not come off, because Mr. Royle does not know more than the outside of one very small part of London. But apart from that the book has interest. Whenever the author takes his hero back to the West, whither, his mother having been an Indian woman, he hears the "silent call," he is on sure ground; and if only as a psychological contribution to a most difficult and interesting problem, his picture of the lives and fates of the Indians and the half-breeds is well worth reading.

#### "MAINTIEN LE DROIT."

**The Riders of the Plains**, by A. L. Haydon. (Melrose.)

THE record of the Royal North-West Mounted Police of Canada is second to none in the records of the Empire. They keep law and order in two million six hundred thousand square miles; they guard seven hundred miles of frontier; they act as soldiers, colonisers, scientific observers, pioneers, policemen, paymasters, doctors, relieving officers, railway patrols, nurses, builders, diplomats, Excise officers, teachers, fire patrols, Customs officers, mail-carriers, escorts, philanthropists, immigrant officers and magistrates. Full justice is done them in Mr. Haydon's book. Their story is admirably told, and a splendid story it is; and the official records and the reference tables and indexes which are given with it add a definite value, and make it a complete presentment of the history of the Force up to date. One of their chief services to the Empire, as well as one of their own peculiar glories, is summed up in two sentences on page 38: "Next to the suppression of the whiskey traffic their most important duty was the conciliation and protection of the Indians"; and again, "Recognising from the outset that the Indians possessed undoubted rights in the country, Colonel Macleod . . . entered into negotiations with the tribes." It is interesting to observe with what different eyes the Indians in consequence looked upon the Americans and ourselves. Not less remarkable than the work done among the Indians was the controlling and policing of the millions of "whites" who poured into the new country, and the constant adaptation and adjustment of the Force and its members to conditions such as the world had never before seen, and in which there was no precedent to guide it. This is a book that should be read by all Englishmen.

#### AN UNHAPPY PRINCESS.

**Madame Royale: The Last Dauphine**, by Joseph Turquan. Edited and translated by Lady Theodora Davidson. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

A REPUBLICAN'S view of a Princess—written with humanity and toleration, but also with an unveiled contempt and condemnation—that is how this life of the most unhappy daughter of a most unhappy Queen strikes the impartial reader. We cannot agree with Mr. Joseph Turquan. We do not think that the blame for the way the French treated those who had the misfortune to be born their rulers belongs to those rulers. When the Bourbons were called back again by their changeable subjects, Madame Royale incurs the severe reproach of M. Turquan because she could not return to the scenes of such outrage and horror as must have burnt themselves for ever in fire on her memory without betraying emotion. "Yes," ejaculates M. Turquan, "she should have loved the country and the people . . . not only at the Tuileries, but in the highways and byways, even to the hallowed spot where her father's head had fallen." We repeat that we cannot altogether agree with M. Turquan! On the spot where her father's head had fallen it must have been a little difficult for the last Dauphine to love "the people." This biased view of the doomed Bourbons and their story pervades the book and becomes irritating when the facts point to a different conclusion—but otherwise full justice is done to the ineffectual tragedy and sorrow of the life of these mob-tossed and bewildered Princes. As a consecutive arrangement, gathering with an able hand into one cover all the known facts and many of the social comments of

the times, it has much value. Its insight into the psychological causes of the drama is, apart from the afore-mentioned bias, compassionate and illuminating. It has been well translated, and the reproductions with which it is illustrated are interesting, while its outward presentment, in print, cover and general get-up, is very attractive.

#### BOOKS TO ORDER FROM THE LIBRARY.

Rest Harrow, by Maurice Hewlett. (Macmillan.)  
An Affair of Dishonour, by William de Morgan. (Heinemann.)  
John Christopher, by Romain Rolland. Translated by Gilbert Cannan. (Heinemann.)  
Under Five Reigns, by Lady Dorothy Nevill. (Methuen.)  
African Game Trials, by Theodore Roosevelt. (Murray.)  
A Shepherd's Life, by W. H. Hudson. (Methuen.)

[SHORT NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 11\*.]

## NATIONAL VEGETABLE SOCIETY'S EXHIBITION.

IT is not often that a new society achieves such a brilliant success as has fallen to the lot of the National Vegetable Society, which, although only founded last year, numbered no fewer than eleven hundred entries at its first show, held at the Royal Horticultural Hall, Westminster, on Wednesday last. The popular idea is that a vegetable is an unlovely thing at the best, but anyone who attended the show must have been agreeably surprised at the picturesque effect of the exhibits piled on banks of fresh parsley. Perhaps this was partly due to the less familiar objects, such as gourds, capsicums, chillies, etc., with which the homelier vegetables were interspersed. It would be difficult to find a more decorative foliage, too, than that of the cardoon, which figured among several collections, and the many coloured runner beans, ranging from rosy pink to purple, made a pleasing contrast to the surrounding greenery.

In England the tendency is to confine our vegetable diet to potatoes, cabbages and a few more of the commoner varieties, and not to indulge too freely in these, and one of the objects of the society is to increase the popularity of vegetables in the general dietary. From this point of view one of the most important exhibits in the show was the Chairman's Class, which consisted of six distinct varieties grown by cottagers or allotment-holders in the county of Surrey. The quality of the five entries must have been a surprise to many. They showed that the class of men who form the bulk of allotment-holders are at last beginning to see the possibilities of vegetable culture, and it is to be hoped that other County Councils will follow the sensible example set them by

Surrey. Another competition designed to bring less well-known vegetables before the general gardener was the COUNTRY LIFE Class, consisting of eight dishes of vegetables selected from a list which included such unfamiliar names as Couve tronchuda, kohl rabi, cardoons, Chinese artichokes and aubergines. Couve tronchuda, which is a sort of cabbage with a broad and succulent midrib and a very delicate flavour, would be a valuable addition to our autumn garden, and deserves to be more widely grown, as do the delicious aubergines or egg-plant fruits. The amateur gardener rose to the occasion splendidly with no fewer than six hundred entries of excellent quality, and the twenty entries of late peas in another class were a surprise to those who imagine that the pea, even including its late varieties, is almost as fleeting a joy as the strawberry.

There was a very fine display of potatoes, both English and Irish, and Scotland and Wales contributed an equally good collection of leeks. The most interesting section of the exhibition from the house-keeper's point of view probably was that devoted to vegetables bottled in pure water. They comprised such things as onions, tomatoes, brussels sprouts, asparagus, mushrooms, marrows, peas, both broad and runner beans, and certainly looked very appetising. It is claimed for vegetables preserved in this way that they retain all their original delicacy of flavour. If this is so they certainly ought to form an important branch of the gardening industry. The usual tinned or bottled vegetable of commerce is merely a tasteless delusion; but to get the real flavour of asparagus in November would be a luxury for which most people would willingly pay, while the commoner kinds of fresh vegetables which are almost necessities are then so rare that bottled substitutes would find a ready market. This is one of the branches of garden work specially suitable for women (indeed, there was only one male competitor), and it should prove, if successful, even more lucrative than jam-making and fruit canning.

An account of the show would be incomplete without mention of the fine general non-competitive exhibits of such firms as Messrs. Sutton, Barr, Veitch, etc., who, with an unlimited variety of shapes and colours at their command, achieved brilliant results. Among private exhibits that of the Hon. Vicary Gibbs was specially good, and much interest was excited by the wonderful collection of decorative gourds of all shapes, sizes and colours contributed by Mr. E. Mocatta of Woburn Place, Addle-ton.

Altogether the National Vegetable Society has every reason to be satisfied with its first venture. The keenness among the competitors, especially the amateur section, and the high quality of the vegetables displayed, suggest that it has already made its influence felt, and there seems to be every reason to believe that, thanks to its endeavours, vegetables will eventually play the important part they deserve in our national dietary.

O. M.

## ON THE GREEN.

EDITED BY HORACE HUTCHINSON.

#### RECLAMATION OF GROUND AT ST. ANDREWS.

IF any man coming to St. Andrews is able to take his eye off the ball, which none ought to be able to do, he has the opportunity of beholding rather a striking object-lesson in the manner in which land can be reclaimed from the sea. Possibly putting it just in that way is claiming a little too much for the purely human agency. What man can do is to take advantage of the help that sea and land together are working to give him, in the fall of the former and rise of the latter. That, at least, is how it is being done at St. Andrews. Evidently the sea is gradually receding. There is much more now of that potential links ground on the outside (that is to say, the sea side) of the sand-hills than there used to be. The sword-grass and marram is growing and a new links is forming itself. But a little nearer the town, on the east side of the outlet of the burn, something like a square mile or more has been gained within the last twenty years. The first move was to push out a foot or two of sea-wall to keep the sea from taking away what it seemed disposed to give, and since, by the deposit of every kind of rubbish (and there seems to be a good deal of rubbish at St. Andrews), first a new nucleus of boughs and so on is formed on the sand, to which the sand itself gathers, and is aided by waste bricks and mortar, old hardware, earth, tin pails and baths and every conceivable kind of wastage deposited there by the Town Council or the public of St. Andrews. And whether the Town Council pays for having it put there or makes the public pay for the privilege of doing it (as Tom Sawyer took pay from the other boy for permission to paint the fence which he was engaged on painting) we do not know; but after every considerable accumulation the sea-wall is pushed on a little further so as to cover it, and in this way a valuable area has gradually been acquired. It is good work, too, for the wall is only built as the regained ground can be brought firm and solid against it. It is never left isolated, and as an object-lesson it is valuable.

#### NEW LEGISLATIONS.

The autumn meeting at St. Andrews has been, "ever of old," a thing of great import in the world of golf; and this year, though its actual size on the golfing horizon is not as large as it used to be, some of the decisions which the Rules of Golf Committee and the general meeting of the Royal and Ancient Club have arrived at with their united wisdom may possibly have some effect on the trend of golfing events throughout the world. There is, to start with, that resolution, so much debated, about the mallet-headed clubs. The least that this will mean is a difference of opinion with the American golfers. It may be that it will mean no more than that the Americans will read a different meaning into the word "mallet-headed," but the significant thing is that this action is going to introduce that "little rift within the lute" which is said to be productive of so much eventual discord. It is to be hoped that no general discord will follow, but there is always the danger. This at least seems certain, that while at home the Schenectady putter is barred and has to go, in the States it is the weapon still with which golfers hole the ball—or fail to hole it—and they have no present intention of putting it on the shelf.

#### TOM BALL SCORING REMARKABLY AT BRAMSHOT.

Tom Ball made rather a remarkable record at Bramshot the other day, not so much for the actual total, of 68, though that was a stroke below Hepburn's

previous lowest for the round, and is said to have been made from longer tees, but for the remarkable figures at each of the holes. To start with, he did the first half not only in an average of fours, but with no other figure in it. Each hole was done in four. He proceeded with a couple more fours, and then, wearying of this monotony, embarked on a course of threes. Three times he did three, and then put in his one and only five. This he redeemed, if it can be said to need redemption, by a two at the next hole, and finished up the round with two more fours. As someone said of it afterwards, there was nothing in it that anyone might not have done; the only thing is that no one else ever has done it.

#### WANTED A FAVOURITE.

The *News of the World* Tournament is close upon us now. To be precise, it will take place at Sunningdale on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday of next week, and as yet nobody seems to be installed in the position of favourite. In the last year or two, whether in this tournament or the championship, we have not had to look further than Braid. This year it would be a foolish thing to bet on Braid, because he, alas! will not be playing, and the question is, Who is to take his place? There is very little doubt as to who most people would like to win. Harry Vardon has never won this tournament yet, and it is high time he did. Last year at Walton Heath, when he had a straightforward putt of under a yard to become dormy one up on Herd in the semi-final, most people thought his time had come at last. However, *dis aliter visum*, for Vardon missed that putt, Herd played an uncommonly lucky second up to the last hole and then was beaten into a figurative cocked hat by Tom Ball in the final. Of the other older stagers Herd was playing magnificent golf in the championship at St. Andrews, and the fast, curly greens of Sunningdale ought to suit him well. He nearly always putts well when he has to trickle his putts, but comparatively seldom when he must needs hit them hard. He has had a trickling education, for both St. Andrews and Huddersfield demand a most delicate touch with the putter. Of Taylor we have not heard much lately, except that he has had the misfortune to strain his wrist. He was not well, and was certainly not playing well in the early summer; but that is just the very reason why he ought, putting wrists aside, to be very dangerous now.

#### SOME NEWCOMERS.

The winners in the Midland Section mark a distinct victory for the younger generation, for there were some very well-known men among the rejected, such as Tom Williamson, Cawsey and Oke. Altogether there will be a very fine sprinkling of new men at Sunningdale, and the discerning critic will have the fun of trying to discover a future champion among them. Besides Jefferies and Tuck there is young Hughes, who is said to be only twenty years old. He hails from Chester, and that rather flat and marshy-looking course (it has, nevertheless, some beautifully fine turf upon it) seems to turn out good golfers, for Robson also learnt his golf there. Then, among the Southerners there is Soutar, a Scotsman, who is the professional at West Hill, and from Portrush in Ireland comes McNeill, who beat Moran. McNeill made a very brilliant start with a 75 in last year's championship at Deal. He was playing, if we remember rightly, with Johns, who began still better with a 72, and in the second round something of a crowd came out to look at these precocious young



gentlemen. McNeill fell somewhat from his estate, but he had all the appearance of a good player, with a fine, easy style. The *News of the World* Tournament is often fruitful in interesting surprises, and these young players ought to be capable of furnishing some between them.

#### THE DRAW.

The draw gives promise of some fine matches in the very first round. Sherlock, whose name came second out of the hat, should beat Whitcombe, a new man from Dorset; but the next fight should be a great one—Herd v. Ray. Either of them is good enough to win outright, and it is sad that one or other must make so abrupt an exit. The same remark applies to the last pair on the list—Willie Park and Harry Vardon. It is a good many years since these two engaged in their great match over North Berwick and Ganton, a match that, with the possible exception of the International foursome over four greens, created more interest than any to which the average golfing memory can go back. Curiously enough, these two—Park and Vardon—were also drawn together on the last day of this year's championship at St. Andrews, but they were then the first and not the last pair to start. Park has been playing finely this year, and his driving at St. Andrews was admirable alike in length and straightness. There was still that curious finish to the swing in which the player sits back almost on his right heel, but the old tendency to hook seemed to have been quite successfully banished. The winner of this pair will in all probability have to meet Tom Ball in the second round, so that there will be some grand fighting at the latter end of the draw. Tom Ball has not been much in the public eye of late, but he seems to be right on his game again, and the big, difficult greens of Sunningdale should suit him to perfection. A little further up in the list come Robson and Mayo, who had a great fight in the semi-final two years ago at the Old Deer Park.

Robson won then after a hard fight, although Mayo appeared likely at one moment to pull the game out of the fire. It is sure to be a good match this time also, and Robson should take some beating, for the move from Bromborough to Milford seems to have brought him back to his best form.

#### RED COATS AT WIMBLEDON AND ELSEWHERE.

It was stated some little while back that at a new club, lately founded near London, a plebiscite was to be taken among the members as to the wearing of red coats. We have never heard if the vote was taken, or if so what was the result, but we shall be much surprised if the twentieth century golfer ever voluntarily clothes himself in scarlet. Nevertheless, we have only to pay a visit to Wimbledon on a Saturday afternoon to be struck with the fact that red coats against green backgrounds do look uncommonly pretty. It is not that any one stout, middle-aged party has his charms notably enhanced, because the contrary is rather the case; but a body of red-coated golfers in open order certainly look more picturesque than one of dirty greys, greens and browns. At Wimbledon the red coat is, of course, only obligatory on the common as a danger signal, but many of those who play on the Royal Wimbledon Club's private course at Caesar's Camp wear it without compulsion. This new Wimbledon course, by the way, has come on a great deal of late. The higher ground, which is the better golfing country, and very similar to that on the Common, has much improved in the matter of lies and greens, while the lower-lying land is at present in excellent order, although there must, we should imagine, always be traces of muddiness there in mid-winter. At any rate, it is very good now, and, as always, very pretty. To the view a new feature has been added in the shape of a hole or two of the new Coombe Wood course, looking very green and pleasant in the distance.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

#### ARCHITECTURAL COPYRIGHT.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—May I be permitted to thank you, and for this reason: A short holiday in Cornwall has run its course with the vigour that holidays usually do, and, reaching home again, I have this consolation, that while away a pile of numbers of *COUNTRY LIFE* has accumulated, and their perusal reminds me of the atmosphere I have left—gives me breathing-time before I start work again. The heading "Architectural Copyright" catches my attention, and awakens curiosity. What does it mean? Where I have been, looking at the buildings of centuries ago, there cannot have been any copyright, or I should have been denied the pleasure of tracing how the design of one church was evidently influenced by another. How some particular detail, a bench-end, for instance, was evolved in a century, say, starting perhaps as a somewhat ungainly piece of carpentry and finishing as a thing of beauty and grace. If I have read aright these buildings that I have seen, I have found a plan continually being improved. In Norman times it may have been very clearly related to its basilican prototype; but later on, as each little added grace became engrafted on, it grew more fairy-like, and so later died when Henry laid heavy hand on Mother Church. So that building in those days seems to have been the work of a set of craftsmen inheriting traditional rules of building, which they applied as occasion and necessity required, and which they were content to hand down to their successors, grafting their individuality on to the common stock. But if you tell me they were pirates who ought to have all brought action for damages against one another, then I am sad, and one more belief is shattered. But they could build, these same pirates. If Gothic art was one continuous progression, so also was the Renaissance; and had Brunelleschi copyrighted his ideas when he returned to Florence from Rome in the fifteenth century, we might now have only the dome over the cathedral and the Pazzi Chapel as the sole fruit of his efforts, instead of the series of buildings all closely related, and which in turn influenced us so strongly through Palladio's writings. So that here again in Palladian times they were content to work, and did so very well without copyright as an incentive to effort. One had hoped that Pugin, Shaw, Nesfield, Devey, Webb and all the others who laboured in the nineteenth century had restored some sort of order out of chaos, and that, consequently, we were in a way to regain our hold on tradition and evolve a style that should be living. So that one anxiously awaits the effect of copyright. Are we as a result to dive at once into eccentricity? Is one architect, for instance, to say that he invented the angle buttress, and, having registered it as his own copyright notion, advertise that clients requiring the genuine angle buttress affixed to their houses can only have it done by applying to him for further particulars? Or, assuming that a client wishes to use tiles in all places except on the roof, are all other men to stand on one side because some one particular architect has again registered this pleasingly structural idea? The others may, consequently, be forced to invent their own patent notions, such as, for instance, cutting up drain-pipes into sectional lengths and using them as a walling material. Or are types of plans to be registered? I fail to see how it will work and the good that can be expected to result. The whole idea is surely an absurdity. Doubtless there are men who will deliberately steal entire plans and crib all details; but architecture is not a matter of plan only, and the man so content to steal will, in all probability, be quite devoid of any ideas as to materials and their texture and suitability. His malpractices may be annoying, but he hardly appears to be of sufficient importance to legislate against, especially if in so doing the whole craft of building is to suffer. The young man of promise will be infinitely hampered if he is not free to benefit by the work others have done, and he will do so in just so large a degree as his abilities permit. He will study good work, new and old, and it will act as an inspiration to him and marshal his budding forces until he be full grown and fit to be numbered as one of the builders. It is his heritage, and having been helped he will in turn help the ones to come. This, surely, is how they built in the past—how we should wish to go on in the future.—C. H. B. QUENNEL.

#### THE UNIVERSITY LIBRARY AT CAMBRIDGE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Pray forgive me. The writer of that very interesting article on the Cambridge Library quotes the well-known epigram; but has he not admitted a small inaccuracy which reduces in some measure the mordancy of the satire? Should not the last line run "How much that loyal body wanted learning," suggesting an all too facile acceptance of the king *de facto*?—BEAUCHAMP DE CHAIR.

#### BRACKEN HARVEST.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The bracken harvest is observed in all the hilly counties, and as a boy I watched the cutting with a scythe, the tedding with a teddin' fork—though, if the sun was hot and the wind from a warm quarter, this was hardly necessary after mowing—the tying into bundles and the final carting in Staffordshire, Derbyshire and Nottinghamshire. In the farmyard it was stacked and often thacked for winter use as bedding, and a better material for the purpose it would be hard to find. Many outhouses, pigsties and sheds were thacked with dead bracken, which was held in place by slabs of thin stone both at the ridge and eaves. As a rule, the first course of theckin' was of straw, on top of which was put bracken, and so layer after layer of bracken year after year without removing the old. I believe they wore well; if it did not, it would not be likely that bracken would be used year after year for the purpose. Besides, bracken saved straw, which was ever a consideration. Pigs fairly revelled in beds of bracken, and I think the swine thought it very good as eatin'. One might write at some length on bracken—its folk-lore. I remember how some of us when children held the idea that snakes came from the roots of the bracken when the leaves began to spring. Nor was the idea at all out of the way when the shooting had begun, for the appearance was snakey-looking, and our name for them was snake. We certainly were somewhat afraid. I have often wondered how the notion of snakes came to us, for I have no remembrance that our elders and betters ever told us so. Oh, the wonderfulness of country living!—THOMAS RATCLIFFE.

#### AN AUGUST FLY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I send you a photograph, enlarged three diameters, of that curious fly *Gastrophilus equi*, the puzzle of veterinary surgeons, inasmuch as the economic or detrimental purposes the fly serves as a parasite seem unknown. The female fly hovers over the horses at grass chiefly during the months of July to September, swiftly attaching its viscous eggs to hairs on the horse's back, within reach of its tongue. The eggs, or perhaps hatching maggots, are licked off and



HORSE BOT FLY (*GASTROPHILUS EQUI*).

conveyed thus to the horse's stomach, where they cling for some ten months, or all through the winter, to the number of sometimes one thousand. Thence they are discharged to burrow in the ground and assume the pupal state, whence they emerge in a month or so as a fly. The parent fly, black to brown, is as







large as a bee, two-thirds of an inch long, this specimen being caught near Wallingford, Berkshire; its loud hum is sufficient warning of its neighbourhood, but a preventive is hard to seek. The light legs and slender wings are not needed for long. As the carter who caught it remarked to me: "There is no mistaking them, to those who know their work—many people think they bite—in country districts in the fields." Their life work may be interesting and an excuse for my letter.—E. K. P.

#### THE NESTING OF THE OWL.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Mr. Hathorn, in your issue of September 17th, says, concerning tawny owls, "All owls lay at least four eggs every year and generally hatch them out in couples." This may be the case in a great many instances, but last year in a field not nine miles from London I found a nest belonging to one of this interesting, though terribly persecuted, species in the hollow of an old fruit tree. I visited this nest regularly, and the mother bird got quite used to me, though I



FOUR LITTLE OWLS.

never saw the male. The young hatched out one after the other, about two days elapsing between the arrival, so that when the last was born the first was six days old. Scarcely a week had gone after they had flown before a jackdaw took possession and succeeded in rearing its brood, and not long after these had taken flight a pair of wood pigeons were occupying the same hole. But I am sorry to say that they were robbed at once of both their eggs. I think the statement that "All owls lay at least four eggs every year" also needs a very slight modification, and I quote the Rev. F. O. Morris, B.A., in his "British Birds," who says of the eagle owl: "The eggs are two and three in number," and "only one brood is produced in the year." But this is, of course, only a very minor matter. The enclosed photograph is of the four young owls not long after their eyes were open. It will be seen that the one on the extreme right is the eldest, that on the left next, the one on the inside right next, and that on the inside left the youngest.—C. C. BENEY.

#### BREEDING SWANS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Can you give me the title of any book dealing with the breeding of swans or the name of anyone who could give me information on the subject?—R. N.

[The breeding of swans is a simple matter once a pair of birds has been secured. The essentials are a piece of water and complete quiet. Disturbance while nesting is the chief cause of failure. It is desirable to have a reed-bed for them to build in. This affords the necessary covert, and, at the same time, is close to open water. Swans prefer to build their nest practically over the water, and not on a bank or islet; but, of course, they raise a high, unwieldy platform for their nests on a foundation of reeds, so that the young are kept dry and warm till ready to swim. An excellent book on this and kindred subjects is "Ornamental Waterfowl," by Frank Finn, F.Z.S.—ED.]

#### TO CLEAN THE FACE OF A SUNDIAL.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I should be very much obliged if you or any of your readers could tell me the best thing to keep the brass face of my sundial (in the open air) bright. I fancy that there is a special varnish for the purpose, but I have been unable to find one.—R. B.

[The brass sundial should first be carefully cleaned with dilute sulphuric acid, and when quite clean, the acid must be washed off with strong soda and water, hot. It must then be made bright with brass paste and lacquered with a cold lacquer. Many brass-founders use a lacquer manufactured by Messrs. Canning and Co., Constitution Hill, Birmingham. This treatment will probably not keep the brass bright for more than twelve months, when, if it requires to be renewed, the old lacquer must be cleaned off in the way described.—ED.]

#### THATCHING RICKS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Following your suggestion that farmers should encourage their farm hands to learn thatching, is it not a wonder farmers do not make more use for stack covering of corrugated iron? Every resident in country districts has repeatedly seen stacks of corn and hay partially spoiled by sudden or unexpected rain before the thatcher could be got or had time to close stacks in. Sheets of corrugated iron can be put on by ordinary workmen immediately the stack is finished, and with long wire hooks down into the stack will secure the stack for years if required. Besides, the iron is the cheapest, costing probably less than straw, and will serve year after year. Only the thinnest sheets are required, say, 26 gauge.—J. BLUMFIELD.

#### LATE NESTING AND OTHER INCIDENTS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Since the end of July I have noticed in several of the Southern and Eastern Counties what seem to me to be proofs that many birds have nested unusually

late this summer. I append a few instances. On July 25th, on Beachy Head, a male red-backed shrike was feeding a young bird just able to fly. On the same day linnets and meadow-pipits were feeding newly-fledged young. Indeed, as late as August 17th, at Poole, I saw young meadow-pipits being fed. But I rather fancy the meadow-pipit is habitually a late-nesting bird, for year after year on Exmoor I have seen the young of this species being fed well into August. On August 7th, near Folkestone, a male blackbird was feeding its young. On August 8th, in Suffolk, stonechats, song-thrushes and spotted flycatchers were all feeding fledglings, while as late as September 1st, in Hampshire, I saw a pair of spotted flycatchers catching insects for their newly-fledged brood. On September 6th, near Rottingdean, a pair of swallows tried to induce a young bird to fly, and a young tree-sparrow followed its parents among sheaves of corn, calling lustily for food. A couple of little incidents which have come under my notice lately have puzzled me. On August 12th, in the marshes near Oulton Broad, I watched for some time four green sandpipers, which (tired, perhaps, after a long migratory journey) allowed me to observe them at comparatively close quarters. They were, I believe, all birds of the year. After a time they flew away, but a little later one of them reappeared in full flight, uttering shrill cries, and hotly pursued by a yellow wagtail. If this had happened earlier in the year I should have come to the conclusion that the wagtail imagined it was defending its young from a possible enemy, but it is scarcely likely that a yellow wagtail could have had young to look after so late as the middle of August. But a second occurrence of the same kind, on September 1st, could not possibly be attributed to parental anxiety. This happened near Hythe in Hampshire. Many swallows were hawking for flies, while a flock of starlings fed on the marshes below. Presently a starling in immature plumage rose into the air, to be promptly pursued by one of the swallows, which darted at it again and again. The starling seemed thoroughly frightened, and cried loudly as it fled. I have seen martins attack a kestrel, but surely no bird could mistake a starling or a sandpiper for a hawk. Were these attacks prompted by a spirit of fun—a sort of avian horse-play? Did the wagtail and the swallow (in each case much smaller birds than those they attacked) recognise that these youngsters could be bullied with impunity? I give it up.—J. RUDGE HARDING.

#### A NEW DELPHINIUM.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I think the accompanying photograph may be of interest after the article in a recent number on new delphiniums. The plant in the picture is a seedling raised by Major Dent of Ribston Hall, Yorks, about six years ago, from a deep blue delphinium named Captain Lambton. The individual blooms are very large, from one and a-quarter to one and a-half inches in diameter, of a pure ivory white, quite single, with a black eye covered with fine yellow hairs. The habit is robust, the spikes standing up well, and the foliage of a good green—not the sickly yellow green often associated with white delphiniums. An offset has been accepted for the Royal Horticultural Society's garden at Wisley under the name of Lady Isabel. The photograph was taken by Miss C. H. Curle of St. Cuthbert's, Melrose.—ISABEL A. DENT.



DELPHINIUM LADY ISABEL.



## SOLAN GOOSE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I enclose photographs of a solan goose and a young bird which I took on the Bass Rock about three weeks ago, also one of the birds flying about the rock.—ANNIE MAXWELL.

## BLUE IN BIRDS' EGGS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have only just returned to England and seen the correspondence in *COUNTRY LIFE* about blue eggs in the nests of certain birds which normally lay eggs of quite other colour. I think it may interest your readers to know that the late Mr. Fergusson, the well-known collector of birds' eggs, who died at Nairn a few years ago, held strongly the opinion that in a certain morbid condition of the ovary all birds would lay blue eggs. For my own part, I have no opinion on the matter worth mentioning, except the practical experience, going to confirm the statements that really do not require confirmation, that in the nests of many birds whose normal eggs are quite different hues you will sometimes find a blue one. I am nearly sure that Mr. Fergusson would have said that this was the latest laid egg of the clutch. Of course, it is generally understood that eggs come colourless from the ovary and acquire their colour in the oviduct. So, at least, I have been taught. But Mr. Fergusson's idea was that this abnormal blue colour was due to disease in the ovary itself. I do not know what his skill was as a dissector, but he was, without doubt, a remarkable field naturalist, and all the knowledge to which he paid any respect was personally acquired. He had, indeed, quite an amusing scorn for "what they say in the books." He was always making experiments in the way of abstracting some of the eggs from the nests, to make the birds go on laying, until he got the eggs down to a very small and colourless one. I believe that this idea of his about the blue eggs was due to his killing and dissecting the mother as soon as he found her laying an abnormal blue egg, and that it arose from his always finding a similar morbid condition of the ovary. At all events, the opinion of such a man, now that the subject has come on the tapis, seems worth being put on record.—HORACE G. HUTCHINSON.

## "SOME SPORT IN SENEGAMBIA."

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—It was with much interest that I read the article by Mr. F. Russell Roberts in your issue of September 17th, entitled "Some Sport in Senegambia," especially the part where he secured his largest buffalo. My experience of buffalo in the Soudan is that they are very dangerous customers to manage. While at Shamba, on the White Nile, last May I met with two bulls, which, after a rather exciting time, I secured. Both of them repeatedly charged, but, fortunately, not both together. After wounding both I, to my great dismay, found that I had no more ammunition with me, and so I sent my boy after the party (who were about two hours ahead) to get some more, I in the meantime keeping a close watch at a safe distance over the game. The boy arrived back at about 8 p.m., and as it was no use going after the animals then, a fire was made about a mile away, where we camped for the night. As soon as it became light enough I made a start, and, to make a long story short, found that one had died during the night, and the other had only just gone off, which I ascertained by noticing



SOLAN GEESE IN FLIGHT.

that the dew on the grass had been disturbed in his tracks. Leaving the boy by the dead bull, I went after the other, and came up with him about five miles away. As soon as he caught sight of me up went his tail and down went his head as he made a bee-line for me, while his eyes glowed like balls of fire. I fired and hit him in the region of the heart, which brought him to his knees; he, however, got up and continued to charge, till a lucky shot brought him down within ten feet of where I knelt. He failed to rise after this, and a merciful shot through the heart put him out of his misery, and secured for me a magnificent head measuring thirty-five inches (five inches larger than the largest of Mr. F. Russell Roberts's). Both animals were of a greyish black colour and in the best of condition, but whether they are of the same species as those of Senegambia I am not prepared to say.—A. LAMBOURN.



SOLAN GEESE AT HOME.

## OLD-TIME CUSTOMS IN BOSNIA.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—One does not often meet with nowadays in this age of machinery, at any rate in Europe, many survivals of old time customs. In some parts of Spain "yeguas," or brood mares, are still used to tread out the corn, quite in Biblical fashion. The accompanying scene was photographed last autumn high up in the mountains of Bosnia. The five rough-coated mountain ponies were being driven round an enclosed space shut in by primitive waggons, still loaded with the scanty harvest of barley grown in patches on the mountain-side by the hardy peasants. The grain thus threshed is ground in small mills worked by water-power. Every mountain stream is dotted with these rude, conical-roofed mills. The wheels are horizontal, and are rotated swiftly by the rushing water, the grinding itself being performed in the upper storey and the stones turned by a vertical rod. In some of the mountain villages I passed through in our search for lammergeiers, chamois, bears and trout, the women—though the people are all Mahometans—do not cover their faces, and they wear trousers. This custom is not universal, but is restricted solely to a few villages, which makes it the more interesting. It may be a survival of a more general custom still lingering in the more remote and inaccessible parts of the country. But my knowledge of these matters is too elementary to permit me to put this explanation forward except as a mere guess. It is, however, a very difficult matter to see anything of them at close quarters, and almost impossible to photograph them. If a stranger should happen to meet a woman suddenly, and there is no time for her to escape or to hide herself, as she will if possible, she will invariably squat down on the ground and turn her back or bend forward till her forehead touches the ground, and so remain till he has passed. After all, the costume, considering that the women do most of the fieldwork and tend the cattle, is an appropriate and practical one, for they do not use the usual baggy-down-to-the-feet Turkish article, but regular trousers, fitting closely to the leg below the knee. The effect is decidedly curious. The men still wear the loose garment, which has the seat hanging below the knees, and gaiters like the Montenegrin gaiters, though instead of being white they are often scarlet.—R. B. LODGE.



THRESHING BARLEY IN BOSNIA.